THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA COUNTY,
BY JAMES G. HASSON.
Guaranteed Circulation, - - - 1,900
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, 1 year, cash in advance.....$1.50
do do if not paid within 3 months.. 1.75
do do if not paid within 6 months.. 2.00
do do if not paid within the year.. 2.25
To persons residing outside of the county 50 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.
In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.
Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise.—don't be a scalawag—life is too short.

Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year. In advance.

VOLUME XXII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1888. NUMBER 6.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$1.50
1 " 3 months	2.50
1 " 6 months	4.00
1 " 1 year	6.00
2 " 6 months	8.00
2 " 1 year	10.00
3 " 6 months	12.00
3 " 1 year	18.00
¼ col'n 6 months	20.00
¼ " 1 year	35.00
½ " 6 months	40.00
½ " 1 year	75.00

Business items, first insertion 10c. per line; each subsequent insertion 5c. per line.
Administrator's and Executor's Notices..... 2.50
Auditor's Notices..... 2.00
Stray and similar Notices..... 1.50

Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest must be paid for as advertisements.

Job Printing of all kinds neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

WINCHESTER REPEATING RIFLES.
Single Shot Rifles, Reloading Tools, and Ammunition of all kinds,
MANUFACTURED BY THE WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Send for 76-Page ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
MENTION THIS PAPER.

ONLY $20.
This Style Philadelphia Singer.

Other companies charge from $40 to $60. A complete set of attachments with each machine. Also Johnson Ruffler, Johnson Tucker, and box of Four Hemmers and a Binder. 15 DAYS' TRIAL in your own home before you pay one cent. Every machine WARRANTED FOR 5 YEARS. Send for Circular.
C. A. WOOD COMPANY,
17 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DRAW-POKER
The complete, with calculations. Best manner of [illegible] between a winning and losing hand. [illegible] showing why some habitually [illegible] Morals, many years game-keeper [illegible] Fine cloth, gilt. Only 25 cents. [illegible] Publishing Co., BOX 11, CINCINNATI, O. Mention this Paper.

PATENTS
HENRY WISE GARNETT, Attorney-at-Law,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Refers to 2d National Bank, Washington, D. C.
SEND FOR INVENTOR'S GUIDE.

VIRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE.
[illegible] farms, 20 to 10,000 acres at $3 to $25 per acre. Good markets, healthy climate. Favorable prospects. Write for circular containing [illegible]. Sent free. PYLE & DeHAVEN, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, Petersburg, Va.

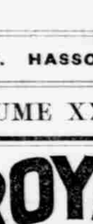
CATARRH

You Will Save Money, Time, Pain, Trouble, AND WILL CURE CATARRH By Using —ELY'S— HAY-FEVER CREAM BALM.
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cts. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., New York.

PE-RU-NA
Peruna is composed wholly of numerous vegetable ingredients, each one of which is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the most potent of all the boreal remedies known to medical science. It cures without failure every case of
Chronic Catarrh, Consumption, General and Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Chronic Rheumatism, Diabetes, Stone in the Bladder, Bright's Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Diseases of the Stomach.
If your Druggist is out of our pamphlets on the "Ills of Life," or if you are laboring under a disease not mentioned in it or in these advertisements, address the proprietors, S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio. (No. 4.)
MANALIN positively cures Constipation, Piles and Diarrhœa. Sold by all druggists. One dollar per bottle; six for five. Directions in English and German.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!
Opposite Mountain House, in Lloyd's Building,
HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.
J. H. GANT, Proprietor.
THE PUBLIC will always find me at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cosy. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

CHEAPEST and BEST. Prices Reduced.
HOLMAN'S NEW PARALLEL BIBLES!
Over 2000 pages. Fully Illustrated. A guaranteed Christmas Gift. Sold by subscription only. Agents Wanted. Send for circulars, free. A. J. Holman & Co., Phila.

ROYAL


BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
The powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

NATURE'S CURE FOR CONSTIPATION, Sick-Headache, AND DYSPEPSIA.

A RELIABLE REMEDY For Sick Stomach, For Torpid Liver, Bilious Headache, Costiveness, Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient.
It is certain in its effects. It is gentle in its action. It is palateable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by assisting, not by outraging, nature. Do not take violent purgatives, nor excuse your self or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public favorite. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Duff's College.
The oldest and best Institution for obtaining a Business Education. We have successfully prepared thousands of young men for the active duties of life. For Circulars address,
P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburg, Pa.
Sept. 23,-8t.

D. LANCELL'S ASTHMA AND CATARRH REMEDY.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Having struggled 20 years between life and death with ASTHMA or PHTHISIC, treated by eminent physicians, and receiving no benefit, I was compelled during the last 5 years of my illness to sit on my chair night and night, gasping for breath. My sufferings were beyond description. In despair I experimented on myself compounding roots and herbs and inhaling the medicine thus obtained. I fortunately discovered this WONDERFUL CURE FOR ASTHMA AND CATARRH, warranted to relieve the most terrible case of ASTHMA IN FIVE MINUTES, so that the patient can lie down to rest and sleep comfortably. Please read the following condensed extracts from unsolicited testimonials, all of recent date:
Oliver V. R. Holmes, San Jose, Cal., writes: "I find Lancell's Remedy all and even more than represented. I receive instantaneous relief."
E. M. Carson, A. M., Warren, Kan., writes: "Was treated by eminent physicians of this country and Germany; tried the climate of different States—nothing afforded relief like your preparation."
L. B. Phelps, P. M. Griggs, Ohio, writes: "Suffered with Asthma 40 years. Your medicine in 2 minutes does more for me than the most eminent physicians did for me in three years."
H. C. Plimpton, Joliet Ill., writes: "Send Catarrh Remedy at once. Cannot get along without it. I find it the most valuable medicine I have ever tried."
We have many other hearty testimonials of cure or relief, and in order that all sufferers from Asthma, Catarrh, Hay Fever, and kindred diseases may have an opportunity of testing the value of the Remedy we will send it to any address TRIAL PACKAGE FREE OF CHARGE. If your druggist fails to keep it do not permit him to sell you some worthless imitation by his representing it to be just as good, but send directly to us. Write your name and address plainly.
Address, D. LANCELL & CO., Props.,
Wholesale Druggists, Worster, Wayne Co., O.
June 24, 1887.-1y. Full size Box by mail $1.00.

B. J. LYNCH,
UNDERTAKER,
And Manufacturer & Dealer in
HOME AND CITY MADE FURNITURE!
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,
TABLES CHAIRS,
Mattresses, &c.,
1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
ALTOONA, PENN'A
Citizens of Cambria County and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. [4-16-'80-tf.]

PATENTS
Obtained and all PATENT BUSINESS attended to for MODERATE FEES.
Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON.
Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.
We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to the officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circulars, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State write to
C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office Washington, D. C.

KNABE
PIANO-FORTES.
UNEQUALLED IN
Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.
WILLIAM KNABE & CO.
Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and P. O. address. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address, H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

LOVER AND HUSBAND.

"It is an East Indian drug, and was given to me by a Brahmin of high caste," Royal Rayne said, holding in his extended hand a small vial containing an amber-colored liquid. "The natives claim for it some very peculiar properties, but I have never felt any disposition to test it for myself."

A wild storm was raging without, and twilight found us clustered about the fire that had been laid on the hearth of the roomy old hall.

The dull, rainy day had depressed all our spirits, and it was to enliven us by a diversion of some sort that Royal Rayne, the life of every gathering honored by his presence, had plunged into a hoard of treasures accumulated from the Amazon to the Ganges and "farthest Ind," and brought forth the interesting drug.

Royal Rayne! I seem to see him now as I saw him that night, with the ruddy firelight flashing over his dark, splendid face and noble figure, as kindly in bearing as he was in name—a man all the women adored and all the men envied.

"Tell us something about it, Mr. Rayne," entreated Vera, my six month's bride, lifting her sweet face and involuntarily drawing nearer.

I had noticed before how this princely man, with his winning smile and wondrous vitality, seemed to attract weaker natures. Children always gathered about him, and once or twice, for our diversion, he had charmed the wild, beautiful songsters from their native shrines to perch upon his hand.

But it gave me a jealous pang that my innocent Vera should fall ever so slightly under his spell.

"I do not know from what it is prepared, or the use the Brahmins make of it, Mrs. Delmar," he replied, in the soft, musical tones that constituted one of his greatest charms; "but it is said to affect the mind very strangely. While under its influence, the brain works with such lightning-like rapidity that many fancy himself to pass through all the stirring events of a long life in a very few moments of time."

The way in which his glowing dark eyes lingered upon my wife's face irritated me, and I said, scoffingly:

"Nonsense! I am not so credulous as to believe it has any such power as you claim for it."

"The drug is harmless. Perhaps you would like to test it?"

"Oh, Roger, don't!" cried Vera, in alarm.

The only effect of her appeal was to confirm the resolve I had taken the instant Rayne addressed those words to me, as if daring me to make the experiment.

"What is the dose?" I asked, taking the vial in my own hand.

"Two drops in half a glass of water," he replied.

"Here are four—a double portion," and I deliberately measured them into a glass that stood on a table at my elbow. "I shall soon know if there is any virtue in the drug."

Swallowing the last drop of the preparation, I leaned back in my easy-chair, gazing at Royal Rayne half-contemptuously.

He returned my look, and all at once it seemed as if something black fell before my eyes. It was gone in a moment, and then I perceived that Vera was also regarding me with a strange, speculating expression I had never seen upon her face before.

"How do you feel, Roger?" she asked, in what was evidently intended for a solicitous tone.

"Very much as usual. The drug is a humbug."

Rayne frowned.

"You think so because you are of a temperament to throw off its influence. But it certainly would affect some persons previously as I have described."

My only answer was a contemptuous smile.

Shortly afterward some one arose—there were half a dozen guests staying in the house—and the circle was broken. But Rayne and my wife remained. When they fancied I had become interested in a book I had taken up, Vera drifted to the hearth beyond the glowing hearth where Rayne was at that moment standing, and said in a whisper:

"Roger looks and acts strangely. What if that yellow liquid should be a deadly poison?"

"Would you care so very much?" he answered back in a tone that chilled my blood.

I do not know what response she made. It was probably only a look. But both laughed softly, and after a moment Vera glided back and threw herself upon a low lounge at my feet.

I could have struck her as she lifted her dimpled, lovely face. It was the first time a doubt of her truth had occurred to my mind. Only by a determined effort of the will could I help betraying the horror and distrust that had taken possession of my mind.

"Dear Roger, I am glad that horrid drug did not make you ill," she purred, but her eyes drooped, refusing to meet my searching gaze.

Later, when she had retired to her own room, and I was crouching upon the windswept veranda, heedless of the storm, for my own thoughts were in a greater turmoil than the elements, two of the guests came and stood at the window just above.

"Do you think Mr. Delmar knows?" were the words that came to my ears clear and distinct.

"Knows what? How shamelessly his wife is flirting with Royal Rayne?"

"Yes."

"It is doubtful. The honeymoon is scarcely over, and a man in love is proverbially blind. He no doubt thinks his wife a modern Lucretia."

"What a shame that he should be so deceived! Rayne was Mrs. Delmar's lover before he went abroad, I believe?"

"So the gossips say. Scandalous stories were told of them even then. But Rayne was not a marrying man, and gave his pretty sweetheart the go by. She married Mr. Delmar for his money."

The speakers left the window. But I had heard more than enough. Rayne an old lover of my wife's, and they had met as strangers! Had I been so deceived? Were all Vera's kisses and tender words the snares of a hypocrite?

I would watch—convince myself, and should this dreadful thing prove true, exact a terrible penalty.

They were extremely careful in my presence, but the next day, as we were leaving the breakfast-table, I saw Rayne slip a note into Vera's hand. She stole away by herself to read it.

Several hours later, when she was out upon the lawn with our guests, the gayest of them all, I sought her dressing-room. A bit of crumpled paper lay on the carpet before the dressing-table. Smoothing it on my knee I read these words:

"Six o'clock. The old summer-house."

An appointment? It had even come to that.

While I stood there crumpling the note in my trembling hand, I decided upon the course of action I would pursue.

Among my possessions was a large Siberian bloodhound I had purchased abroad. Though faithful and gentle to me, he could be very ferocious, and was an object of terror to all our guests, Rayne included. The spell of fascination he exerted over nearly every living creature was powerless with this sagacious beast.

As the day wore on, and the specified hour approached, Vera laughingly excused herself, and left her guests. After going up stairs, she stole forth at a side door, and walked swiftly in the direction of the summer-house.

It was the signal for which I waited. Proceeding to Tiger's kennel, and loosing his chain, bade him follow me.

The summer-house was a quaint structure of two stories, standing in a remote part of the grounds. Dense shrubbery shut it in.

Taking Tiger by the collar, I drew him under cover of some bushes near the door, where he was entirely concealed from observation.

"Let no one pass, sir," I said in a fierce whisper, and the intelligent animal gave a low growl, as though he fully understood what was expected of him.

A flight of stairs led from the ground floor to the more comfortable room above.

Vera's face was a study when she heard my step, and, looking up, saw me standing in the open door. The flush died suddenly out of her cheeks, the eager light from her eyes. She started up from the rustic seat, pallid and trembling.

"Why, Roger, what brings you here?" she stammered. "Did you come to seek me?"

"Yes, Vera," I answered, drawing her down beside me upon the bench. "Come, be seated again. It will be so nice to have a tete-a-tete for once, away from our guests."

I spoke calmly, but she must have seen something unusual in my face; or she may have hoped to get me away before her lover appeared. All at once she began to struggle in my arms.

"Let me go, Roger. I cannot remain here. Our guests will wonder at our absence, and take offense. Let us return to the house. At once."

"Wait. Sing just one of the old songs with which you used to enchant me.

"Another time, Roger. Really——"

She was struggling again. I held her as in a vise.

Suddenly a step sounded in the path below. Vera grew still as death all at once, a look of awful terror creeping over her livid face.

While we remained motionless, staring into each other's eyes, a hoarse growl came to our ear, succeeded immediately by a wild, terrified cry. Vera seemed to comprehend the truth instantly.

"Tiger!" she panted rather than said. "You have let him loose!"

Then she dropped on her knees, and lifted her clasped hands.

"Roger, be merciful! Call off the brute. Murder will be done. Go, for Heaven's sake! or it will be too late."

I listened with smiling lips.

A snarling sound came from below, mingled with moans of pain. Even these died away at last.

Vera made a desperate effort, broke from my hold, and rushed screaming down the stairs.

I followed.

A horrible sight met my gaze when I reached the lawn. Royal Rayne lay across the path, bruised and bleeding, his white face and staring eyes upturned to the pitiless sky. Tiger still crouched beside his victim, his jaws dripping with gore.

Vera tottered forward, and flung herself across the dead body of her lover.

"Oh, Heaven! he is dead!"

Her wild grief maddened me. I seized her roughly by the arm and lifted her up. The white dress she wore, with its gay knots of pretty pink ribbon, was spotted and dabbled with blood.

A sense of irony seemed to take possession of me.

"Yes!" I hissed. "Tiger has done his work well. I knew the faithful brute could be trusted to guard my honor. You would rather join your paramour, no doubt, than live with me?"

"Yes," she barely whispered. "You know all, and I will not disguise the truth. I loved him."

Then she lifted her face, all her voice coming back.

"Life is valueless to me now. Kill me, too, and so complete the work of vengeance."

"I will," was my answer.

And drawing a knife, I plunged it into her bosom.

She expired with scarce a sigh. A smile of heavenly sweetness seemed to hover about her lips as she fell back upon the grass, her life-blood mingling in a stream with Royal Rayne's. Ah, Heaven! how beautiful she was—lovelier than ever in the icy embrace of death! The fatal beauty that had been of those two the bane.

I was stunned for a while, but finally my senses returned. Something must be done to conceal the crime I had committed.

Raising Vera's lifeless body in my arms, I bore it to the rear of the summer-house, where some stones forming the foundation wall were loose, and thrusting it through the aperture, replaced everything carefully as I had found it. Afterward I returned to the house, mingling freely with the guests. No one seemed to notice anything unusual in my appearance.

As the evening wore on, sly whispers and significant glances were exchanged. The continued absence of Vera and Royal Rayne was being commented on, and one of the elder ladies said, in an audible whisper:

"Of course, they have fled. It is strange how Mr. Delmar can remain ignorant of what is so patent to everybody else."

The next morning Rayne's body was discovered near the summer house, where I had left it; but there could be no uncertainty as to how he had met his fate. The imprint of Tiger's teeth was all too visible in his purple throat.

Everybody was startled, and there was a great commotion.

Then the natural query arose: What had become of Vera? The gossips were not long in stepping to the front with a theory. She had been crazed by the sight of her dead lover, they said, and was wandering aimlessly about the country.

To encourage this belief, I sent scouting parties in every direction; the whole neighborhood joined in the search.

From all sides came expressions of sympathy and condolence. I was looked upon as a martyr.

But oh! the long, dreadful days and horrible nights! Often did I wake from troubled dreams, a cold sweat bedewing my forehead, to see Vera's dead face staring at me out of the darkness.

An indefinable fascination drew me daily to the spot where I had concealed the body. I felt a morbid longing to behold her again and mark the changes death had wrought.

One morning, unable longer to resist the charm, I stole secretly to the summer-house, and, removing the stones, dragged forth the body of my victim.

I had scarcely done this when a strong hand clutched my arm. An officer of the law was standing at my elbow.

"I suspected you from the first," he said, with a leer. "Now there can be no doubt of your guilt. It becomes my duty to place you under arrest for the murder of your wife, and——"

I started and rubbed my eyes. The man's face seemed to be transformed all at once. It was Royal Rayne who stood beside me, shaking me vigorously.

"Wake up, Delmar, and tell us what you think now of the East Indian drug."

I flung him off with a shriek of horror, and looked around in utter bewilderment.

I was sitting before the fire in the roomy hall, with the storm still howling outside. I saw my darling wife coming toward me, an expression of deep concern upon her pretty face. The sound of her voice aroused me as from a trance. "Oh, Roger," she cried, "how strangely you look! Never try such an experiment again."

It was Vera herself, alive and well. Everything that had seemed to succeed the fading of the shadow before my eyes was but a dream.

Regardless of the presence of others, I drew her into my arms, kissed her repeatedly, and burst into tears of joy and relief.

Royal Rayne is now my best friend, and I have never had the least occasion to be jealous of him. At my urgent request, he threw away the vial containing the amber-colored liquid.

LILLIAN'S LOVERS.

"Lillian! Dear little Lillian!"

She lifted her head, and her shy brown eyes met those of the speaker. A dangerously handsome man, Lloyd Middleton knew how to use his power, and the childish little creature whose soft eyes drooped before his gaze, was a woman worth winning.

For Lillian Raleigh was the only child of a very rich man, who fairly worshiped his motherless daughter; and Lillian had never known care, or a wish ungratified. But her guardian angel must have troubled to see her so completely in the toils of the man at her side.

It was a pretty scene. A long stretch of sandy white beach; the dancing waves of a romantic Southern lake rolling in at their feet, as they sat beneath the shade of a wide-spreading oak tree; while "the old, old story was told again."

"You love me, Lillian?"

A vivid crimson flew into her fair cheeks. She turned her head away, but her small hand trembled. Lloyd Middleton raised it to his lips, as she faltered timidly:

"Yes!"

"My darling!" he whispered, in his eyes a look of triumph.

There was no room for doubt. Every look and action betrayed Lillian Raleigh's heart. She loved him with all the strength of a first love—wild, unreasoning—and she would love him until death came, or that which is worse than death—disillusion.

He bent his head, and the bold eyes gazed into her face.

"May I speak to your father, Lillian, and beg him to give me his treasure?" the soft, seductive voice went on.

A richer tinge of crimson overspread the girlish face, but there was consent in the soft brown eyes which met his for an instant, then drooped again. He stooped and kissed the sweet red lips.

"Heaven bless you, my darling!" he whispered.

And Lillian went straight to paradise, and remained there half an hour perhaps, which is more bliss than most mortals are permitted to experience.

The awakening came in the shape of a pretty boat, which bounded over the waves like a white-winged bird; it's sole occupant, a man of some five-and-twenty years, with a thoughtful face, and kindly gray eyes. Those eyes fell upon the pair beneath the oak tree, and he began at once backing for shore.

Lloyd Middleton frowned darkly.

"Confound the fellow!" he muttered behind his heavy black mustache. Turning to Lillian, he observed, with as much carelessness:

"There's Tom Hunter coming to land! Lily, he does not like me—he never did! Don't let him become between us, my darling!"

One quick, impetuous glance from the big, brown eyes, and Lloyd Middleton was satisfied.

She loved him, and she was as true as steel.

The boat drew near, and Tom Hunter's clear voice called gayly:

"Come, Miss Lillian. I want to take you for a sail! You know you promised me the pleasure!"

Again that frown darkened Lloyd Middleton's handsome face.

"Go, if you wish it, Lillian," he said in a low tone. "I can trust you. For I know that he is going to try and prejudice you against me. You will be true!"

"Till I die!"

His eyes flashed with a steely glitter. The boat's keel grated upon the sand; Tom Hunter assisted Lillian in upon a cushioned seat.

Lloyd Middleton touched his hat.

"Will you come, Middleton?" asked Tom.

"No. Thanks, very much. Good-bye, Lillian. Don't remain out too long."

He turned away and sauntered down the beach, calmly oblivious of the glance of contempt from Tom Hunter's gray eyes, quite well satisfied that that gentleman would now understand that he had a right to control Miss Raleigh's actions.

An angry flush shot athwart Tom's cheek for an instant as the little boat shot away from shore.

"Lillian!"

Tom's voice broke the silence.

"What right has that fellow, Middleton, to dictate to you or attempt to control your actions? Oh, Lily, Lily, you are so dear to me!"

"Hush!" She was trembling like a frightened bird. "You must not—speak to me in that way—Tom—Mr. Hunter!"

"Oh, Heaven! I am too late then? Lilly, for pity's sake, tell me it is not true! Lillian Raleigh, answer me; this is no time for idle words, or apologies for plain speaking. I have known you all your life, and I must learn the truth, face the worst though it kill me. Tell me, are you engaged to Lloyd Middleton? Are you his promised wife?"

The shy brown eyes meet his with a fearless gaze.

She was brave in defense of her lover.

"If papa consents," she returned slowly, "I shall marry Mr. Middleton."

"God help you!" cried Tom Hunter, fervently. "No, no! don't be angry, Miss Raleigh—you must be Miss Raleigh to me now, I suppose—but oh! my little friend, how can I see you marry a man so base as he?"

"Take me home, Mr. Hunter, if you please!"

She was pale with indignation, her brown eyes flashing fire.

Tom sighed sadly; but he turned his boat homeward, and not another word was spoken until they reached the shore. Then he turned and faced her—pale and still.

"Lillian, listen to me just one moment!" he cried wildly. "I must speak, though you will kill me with your indignation. Lillian Raleigh, that man Middleton is a fortune-hunter. Let him once believe you poor, and my word for it, you would never see him again! Lily, I am telling you this for your own good—I——"

"Good-evening, Mr. Hunter!"

And Lillian, trembling with anger, white as the dress she wore, hastened up the beach and back to the hotel.

That very night, the engagement between Miss Lillian Raleigh and Lloyd Middleton was sanctioned by her father (who could not refuse his darling anything upon which she had set her heart, and it was forthwith publicly announced.

One morning at breakfast, a few days later, a telegram was handed to Mr. Raleigh.

He glanced it over, and very pale, and trembling visibly, he arose from the table and sought his own apartment.

Half an hour afterward a message to Lloyd Middleton requested him to call at Mr. Raleigh's rooms.

He obeyed at once. Only to have that gentleman hand the telegram which he had received through the open door, and hastily bidding him read it, closed the door once more.

The telegram was short and to the point:

"*To Mr. John Raleigh:*

Chadwicke & Powell, cotton house, New Orleans, closed. Come at once.

W. L. Brows,
Att'y at Law."

Lloyd Middleton marched to his own room white as a ghost, with that slip of yellow paper crumpled tightly in his hand, in his eyes a dark look.

For he knew that John Raleigh's fortune had been invested with the business house of Chadwicke & Powell, and ruin for one meant ruin for all.

Two hours later Mr. Lloyd Middleton came down stairs.

Mr. Raleigh had taken the first train to New Orleans, leaving Lillian in charge of some friends.

Lloyd Middleton found his fair betrothed alone upon the beach at their old trysting-tree.

She hastened to greet him, her sweet face flushed, a tender light in her brown eyes, both hands extended in eager welcome.

"Oh, Lloyd! I was afraid that you were ill! What is the matter, dear?"

He had not touched her hand; he was gazing into her white face with stern, cold eyes.

"Miss Raleigh," (how cold his voice was!) "I have just heard of your father's failure in business. I love you madly, but it would be folly—madness, for us to marry, both being poor. I regret it with all my heart, but—I give you back your freedom."

Her beautiful face was set and stern, her dark eyes blazed.

"You are a coward," she panted, "and I am saved from a fearful fate! Good-bye, Mr. Middleton."

And she left him alone.

John Raleigh returned in a few days and took his daughter away.

They went North for a pleasant trip, and upon the White Mountains they encountered Tom Hunter.

Lillian was surprised to find how welcome was the sight of his honest face.

"Where is Middleton?" asked Tom, after a few preliminaries.

Lillian's eyes flashed.

"I do not know," she made answer. "Tom, you were right about him, and I was an awful simpleton. It was my money that he wanted, and when he heard that it was gone he——"

She hesitated.

"I understand," interposed Tom. "Oh, Lillian, if there were only a hope for me. I did not dare speak out before when you were rich and I a poor nobody. But, darling, I love you, and I am willing to work hard for you if only—only——"

She had her hand in his. Lillian Raleigh's heart was at last.

When Mr. Raleigh heard the news, he gave his hearty consent.

"Oh, dear," he exclaimed merrily, "won't Middleton be surprised and chagrined when he finds out the truth? Tom, old fellow, I lost very little in the failure of Chadwicke & Powell. I had withdrawn most of my interest from that firm some weeks before its failure. My sole loss was not two thousand, and Lillian here is heiress to half a million in her own right. I rather think Middleton will be a little disappointed when he hears the truth.

Disappointed! I should think he was. He went to Europe not long after, and the next news that reached his friends was his marriage to the daughter of a Jew money-lender, a woman fabulously rich and fabulously ugly. And he lends a title, they say.

Ah, well, it serves him right. And Lillian and Tom, happily married now, scarcely give him a thought. He is not worth it, Lillian says.

"NOBODY ASKED ME."

"I hate a coquette!" said Miss Dilly Rockingham.

"So do I," said Alice Ames.

"Shaw!" said Miss Dilly.

"Dear me, Dilly, what can you possibly mean?" said the city visitor.

She looked provokingly pretty as she sat on the door-step, throwing breadcrumbs to a flock of bright-eyed young turkeys that were on their way to roost.

Above, the dropping apple-boughs almost touched her sun hat; below, the daisies glimmered in the grass like silver dots.

The sun was just down; but there remained a yellow glow in the sky, and the birds chirped sleepily in the hedges, while a swallow or two yet circled round the eaves of the barn.

Alice was very pretty a fair-haired, bright-complexioned girl, with large, brown eyes, and lips redder and riper than any strawberry. And perhaps that was the reason that she produced such an impression in the village of Milton, which, to speak the truth, was not a beauty-producing neighborhood.

The girls of Milton were lank and tall, with no particular figures, freckled complexions, and heavy features. They were, however, as Robert Rockingham observed, "regular spiders to work," and turned out first-class butter-makers, factory hands, and pastry brewers; but as for the poetic side of life, they knew nothing of it, and cared less.

They raised vegetables of all sorts in their gardens; but roses and pinks they ignored as simply a waste of time.

They read the weekly paper and the Bible, and occasionally consulted their almanacs; but they never had heard of "She," and did not know Thackeray Dickens. Work was their idol—a schoolfrost their ideal of gay dissipation.

Into this atmosphere of thrift Alice Ames had come, as a golden pheasant might have made its way into a barnyard full of respectable hens and geese.

She was a distant cousin of the Rockinghams, whose mother was dead, and whose father had gone on a business trip.

He had not known quite what to do with Alice during his absence, until he had suddenly remembered his cousins at Milton.

"That will be a nice place for the child," he thought. "It will be a stupid refuge, but it will be a safe one. They'll like Alice—every one likes Alice!"

It was true. The pretty, dewy-eyed girl brought her own welcome with her wherever she went. The Rockinghams were despairing when they heard that she was coming—they were delighted when she had come.

Bob, the eldest son, lost his heart to her at once. It was a clear case of love at first sight.

"My son," said the rugged old mother, "she is not suited to a place like this."

"But she is so lovely, mother," said honest Bob.

"I don't think she has any idea of being a farmer's wife."

"My chance is as good as any one else's," pleaded poor Bob.

And his mother wisely said no more upon the subject.

Alice went strawberrying with Bob; she learned to ride horseback on old Dobbin, after the day's work was over, with Bob for a teacher.

She gathered ferns in the woods, and sketched Granton Mountain from different points of view, with Bob to carry her color-boxes and set up her umbrella. In fact, she seemed delighted with her country abiding-place, and Bob was in the seventh heaven of happiness, when, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, Mr. Manfred Harper made his appearance on the scene.

"Did you know he was coming?" sharply questioned Rhodilla, commonly known as "Dilly," the grim, eldest daughter of the Rockinghams.

"No," Alice carelessly answered.

She was accustomed to the homage of her admirers, and it fell not at all surprise her that Mr. Harper should have followed her from the city. And it was her innocent enjoyment of Mr. Harper's society that drew from Dilly the sharp comment of "I hate a coquette!"

There was no hotel at Milton, so Mr. Harper had to stay at a farmhouse where they occasionally let rooms in the shooting and fishing seasons.

Alice went further with him, took him to all the delicious leafy glens which Robert Rockingham had shown her, introduced him to the best pools of the trout stream, and, as Dilly declared, "flirted" openly with him.

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice, with provoking equanimity. "To treat a gentleman civilly—is that what you call flirting, Dilly?"

"Anybody would think there was nobody in the world but him, when you are talking with him under the pear-trees," said Dilly.

"One must be polite," observed Alice, capturing one of the speckled turkey pullets and hol ling its downy little body against her peach-soft face.

"I don't care for him," said Dilly, fairly driven to bay, "nor for myself. All I say is, that you've no business to break Bob's heart."

"But," cried Alice, with limpid, hazel eyes wide open, "what is it to Bob?"

Miss Dilly flounced away to bring in kitchen towels, which were bleaching on the grass down by the brook.

"I've no patience with the girl!" said she.

Bob, however, took things more quietly.

"Let her alone," said he; "we have no right to dictate to her."

But Dilly knew him too well to be deceived. She knew that the envenomed arrow was rankling in his heart.

On that Thursday evening, however, when Manfred Harper had come home from fern-hunting with Alice, and had stayed to tea and spent the evening, it came on to rain, with a roll of thunder and occasional flashes of lightning.

Robert went out into the kitchen, where Dilly was busy at work.

"I suppose we might ask him to stay all night?" said he.

"Humph!" said Dilly. "And where would he sleep?"

"He could have my room; I could lie down on the kitchen settee with a blanket and a pillow," said Robert.

"Indeed, you'll do no such thing!" declared the elder sister, with a sort of loving despotism. "All to oblige this city fop, who loses no opportunity of sneering at us country folks."

"But it's three miles to the Wild Farmhouse—and just listen how the rain patters on the roof."

"A little wetting will do him good!" said the iron-hearted Rhodilla.

"Nonsense!" said her brother—"we are not barbarians. I'll tell him he'd best stay."

He went back to the parlor; but there was no one there except Alice, who was reading the candle and yawning.

"Where is he?" said Robert.

"Do you mean Mr. Harper?"

"Yes."

"He has gone."

"In all this rain?"

"Why, certainly!" said indifferent Alice. "It's neither sugar nor salt. Why shouldn't he?"

"Alice, have you no pity for the man?"

"Oh, plenty of it! But of course he couldn't stay all night. And it's past ten"—with another yawn as she glanced up at the clock, all embowered in a mist of redherried asparagus—"and he told me he knew of a short cut across the fields—that gloomy road, you know, under the elms."

"He's not going home that way, Alice?"

"Of course he is!" she replied. "It will shorten the walk half a mile at least, he says."

"But that road is not used now."

"He is going to use it, at all events, to-night."

Bob caught up his hat.

"How long has he been gone?" he asked breathlessly.

"About fifteen minutes," said Alice. "Why?"

Bob paused to make no answer, but rushed out of the door, neglecting, in his haste, to close it behind him, so that a gust of rain and wind blew in, fluttering Dilly's newly laundried curtains and touching Alice's forehead like a chill hand.

She ran out into the kitchen.

"Dilly," she cried, "has all the world gone crazy? Why did Bob run out into the rain without ever stopping to answer my questions?"

Dilly dropped her half-finished work, with a vague idea that some remark of Alice's had driven her brother to the last extremity of desperation.

"Alice!" cried she, "what did you say to him?"

"Nothing. I just told him that Mr. Harper was going to take the short cut home across the fields."

"There is no short cut," declared Dilly.

"Yes, there is—that dark road under the elms, you know, just beyond the old dead tree, where the lightning struck last autumn."

"He has gone that way?" cried Dilly, turning deadly pale. "Didn't you tell him? Don't he know?"

Alice's lovely, liquid eyes opened to their full extent.

"I always thought that place looked as if it were haunted," said she. "But——"

"Haunted? Nonsense!" sharply interrupted Dilly. "But it's a shaking bog—a regular morass. No one passes over it now, no one has used it since the night, five years ago, when a wagon and two horses were ingulfed in it. Don't you understand? It's a sort of a quicksand—the swamp—and Bob—dear, generous Bob!—has gone to try and save that man's life if he can. Gracious me! What's the matter with the girl? I do believe she has fainted! Well, if she thinks as much of that city fellow as that——"

And poor Dilly's heart turned to lead in her bosom.

It was midnight when Robert Rockingham came back with Mr. Manfred Harper, both of them very pale and mud stained.

"It was a narrow squeeze for it," said the city young man, who had a startled, panic-stricken look in his e

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - MARCH 2, 1888.

MEETING OF DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

The members of the Democratic County Committee are requested to meet in Armory Hall Building, opposite the Court House at Ebensburg, Pa., on Monday, March 12th 1888, at half past 1 o,clock P. M. for the purpose of electing five Delegates to the State Convention, to be held at Harrisburg, Pa., on May 23d 1888, and transacting such other business as may be necessary.

JAMES M. WALTERS;
Chairman.

Johnstown, Pa., Feb. 22, 1888.

THE President and party returned from their visit to Forida on last Sunday morning. They spent four days in the "Orange State" at Jacksonville, St. Augustine and prominent points on the St. Johns River. A stop of a few hours was made at Charleston on the return trip.

It is related of a resident of Perry county in this State who emigrated to Nebraska last fall and safely passed through a couple of genuine blizzards this winter, that he wrote back to one of the managers of he County Fair saying: "Offer a premium of $50 at your next Fair for the biggest fool that ever lived in Perry county and I will try hard to be there."

IT looks as though the Prohibitionists intend to be heard from in New York in next fall's fight for a President, and judging from the way in which the Labor party is going to pieces it is quite likely that the compulsory abstainers may hold the balance of power in the State. The finances of the party are said to be in excellent condition, with a steady income assured. Republicans will no doubt be gratified to hear this.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM, the great American humbug, frankly declares that he would gladly accept the Republican nomination for President. The P. T. of his signature, he says, stands for Presidential Timber. In order to preserve the personal fitness of things a ticket containing Barnum's name for President ought to have on it for Vice President that of Dan Rice, the greatest clown that the country has ever produced. It would then be so perfect that nothing but itself could be its parallel.

NEAL DOW, who is 84 years of age, is the candidate of the Prohibitionists for Mayor of Portland, Maine, and has been endorsed by the Democrats. This is a most singular and unnatural alliance, trying to mix oil with water, and we suppose that the Democrats who are in a hopeless minority in Portland, are only standing by Neal for the mere fun of the thing. The campaign is said to be the most exciting ever known in Portland, the issue being plainly drawn on the enforcement or non-enforcement of the Prohibitory law.

DURING the twelve weeks that Congress has been in session there have been introduced into the House and Senate 10,020 bills and joint resolutions. Of this number thirty-one have passed both branches of Congress and been signed by the President. The number of bills thus far introduced is over thirty per cent greater than at this period of the last session, and should their introduction continue at the same rate the number will reach 20,000 by the end of the session. It is an old, but true saying that "the world is governed too much."

ATTORNEY GENERAL KIRKPATRICK having received a number of communications from County Treasurers relating to the distribution of the fees from liquor licenses, gives it as his opinion that the entire amount of fees, instead of being paid into the State treasury by the county Treasurers and then distributed by the Auditor General, should be paid to the County Treasurers and be distributed by them, after paying the State her proportion of the same, between the cities, counties, boroughs and townships in the manner provided by the Brooks High License law.

ON Wednesday last the official returns of the special election held in the Eleventh Congressional district of Michigan a little over two weeks ago, to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Moffat, Republican, were published, showing the election of Seymour, Republican, over Breen, Democrat, by a majority of 402. Three years ago last November the district gave Moffat a majority of 4,475 and at the next election in November 1886 he had a majority of 2,300. Seymour's narrow escape from defeat in such a stronghold is regarded by the Democrats as a good indication of their ability to carry the State next November.

At the last Presidential election the Republican business men of New York city gave Cleveland a most vigorous and efficient support, untried as he then was on the National field, in preference to Blaine. The same business interests will stand by the President at the coming election on his record and his merits. The *Graphic*, of a late date, contains three columns of interviews had with leading men engaged in all kinds of business in that city, on the subject of the next Presidency, and as a sample of the whole we publish that of Roland G. Hazzard, President of the American Loan and Trust Company, who says:

I am a Republican. I was an original Wide Awake. I carried a torch for John C. Fremont. I voted for Lincoln and Grant and all the rest. But I say to you that there is no man living whom I would rather see President of this country than Grover Cleveland. He is the only candidate for the Democratic party to nominate. It is inconceivable that anybody else can be thought of. And he will carry the country against anybody the Republicans can nominate, I think. He is very strong with the bankers and merchants of this city, and he deserves to be, for a pluckier, brainier man hasn't been President for a long time.

IT will be seen by the call, elsewhere published, issued by James M. Walters Esq. Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, that the members of the Committee are requested to meet in Armory Hall, in this place on Monday, March 12, for the purpose of electing five delegates to the State Convention which will meet at Harrisburg on May 23d, and transacting such other business as may be necessary. The custom of County Committees electing delegates to a State Convention which has only been followed on exceptional occasions in this county, is one that is more honored in the breach than in the observance, and at any other time than the present we would feel compelled to enter our protest against it. As there will, however, practically be but *one* candidate for the Presidential nomination before the Democratic National Convention which will meet at St. Louis, on the 5th of June, there can be no well grounded objection to the present County Committee selecting the delegates to the State Convention where they will take part in electing four delegates-at-large from this State to the National Convention, and in conjunction with the delegates from Blair, Bedford and Somerset counties, will also elect two delegates from this Congressional district to the same body. The names of the members of the Committee will be found published on our local page and as its meeting will be an important one, we trust that each member composing it will feel that he has a duty to perform which ought not to be evaded, and that unless sickness either of himself or a member of his family intervenes, he will be personally present.

OWING to the fact that two widely different interpretations were given by leading members of the Republican party to the precise meaning of Mr. Blaine's letter of declination, the New York *World*, the most enterprising and wide awake newspaper in the country, directed its correspondent in London, Mr. T. C. Crawford, to proceed to Florence, Italy, where Mr. Blaine is still staying, and obtain an interview with him. Mr. Crawford crossed over to Florence and met Mr. Blaine on Saturday last, and on Sunday the interview was fully set forth in the *World*. Mr Blaine reaffirms his declination and says that "under no circumstances will he permit his name to be used as a candidate." He also says that in his belief a candidate "has no right to stand again for President after having once been defeated," and that he could not "go through the burden and fatigue of another campaign." It will thus be seen that Mr. Blaine treats his letter of withdrawal as final, and this ought to settle the controversy that has been going on among the Republican politicians on this side of the water.

John Sherman recently critised the editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, a Republican paper, because of his opposition in the past as well as at present, to Sherman's Presidential aspirations. In a late number of the *Tribune* its editor, in a leading article, reiterates his opinion of the Ohio statesman in the following vigorous style:

Senator Sherman has not the elements of popularity that would make him a strong candidate if nominated, nor the active sympathy with the common people that would make him a good President if elected. We have always thought Mr. Sherman to be the type of a sordid, selfish, avaricious politician, actively identified with the money power of Wall street, and without an atom of genuine feeling for the poor or even for the people of moderate means. We have opposed his nomination to the Presidency on these grounds because we have realized that his cold and calculating character is estimated at its true value by the people of the United States, and therefore that he would be about the weakest candidate that the Republican party could propose for the popular suffrage.

THE Democratic National Committee at its meeting in Washington on Tuesday of last week, decided that the National Convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President should be held at St. Louis, on Wednesday, the 5th of June. Samuel J. Tilden was nominated in that city in 1876 and although a majority of 250,000 of the voters sustained him at the ballot boxes, he was cheated out of his election by an unholy conspiracy engineered in Louisiana by John Sherman and other Republican leaders, and in Florida by "Bill" Chandler and others of his stripe. Sherman and Chandler are now sending up a daily howl in the United States Senate for honest elections. With Cleveland as the nominee at St. Louis in June the American people will more than repeat the verdict in Tilden's case.

THREE more Republicans who were supposed to have Presidential aspirations, Don Cameron, Edmunds and, last and least, Foraker, the superlatively loyal Governor of Ohio, have come in out of the wet during the past week and declared themselves out of the race. Cameron said in Washington on Saturday last that he was not a candidate and would not be, under any circumstances. Cameron is a relative by marriage of John Sherman and is credited with being friendly to the nomination of the Ohio candidate. As for Mr. Foraker it was entirely unnecessary for him to put himself to the trouble of announcing that he is not a candidate. He never was thought of in that connection except by a select circle of political lunatics who hold positions in the public offices at Columbus.

THE Arrangement, says the Philadelphia *Record*, by which envelope-making has been brought into subjection to monopolistic methods is delightfully simple. The combination of manufacturers has agreed to buy one envelope machine per month from the exclusive maker, provided he shall not sell the machine to anyone else, and to pay for the machine whether it be taken or not. This is a neat and apparently effective way of bankrupting independent envelope-makers, and incidentally of raising prices from 15 to 20 per cent. In the better days to come, however, such ingenuity may be rewarded by long terms in the penitentiary. A game of grab at the expense of the people is dangerous business, after all.

Where are the Battle Flag Patriots?

With the report of the secretary of war they are stricken with sudden silence, and the public misses their effervescing and insincere patriotism. The doughty Boutelle seems to have crawled into a hole and pulled the hole in after him.

The Boutelle resolution, based on an assumption of facts that didn't exist, was designed to corner the administration and make much needed capital for the g. o. p. It called for information where the flags "were displayed or concealed," the sting being in the lying inference of the last word. Secretary Endicott's response is to the point, and in its plain statement of facts scarifies and salivates Foraker, Fairchild and Tuttle, to say nothing of Boutelle.

The only difference in the condition of the captured rebel flags and re-captured Union flags now and when the Cleveland administration came into power is that at that time they were stored in the cellar of the war department, by order of a Republican secretary of war, where they were inaccessible and decaying rapidly. By order of Secretary Endicott they were taken from the boxes in the cellar and "placed in a room in the upper story of the war department building, where they can be easily visited and examined." He has had prepared a full descriptive list of "all the flags, banners and colors that have been placed in the custody of the war department and can be identified."

It was a Republican secretary of war that consigned these "precious relics" to the coal cellar.

As to the exhibition of the rebel flags, the secretary of war shows that while the law of 1814 required captured flags to be exhibited at West Point or the naval academy, such exhibition was construed by Republican administrations, and concurred in by the Cleveland administration, not to apply to flags captured from our own country—men in the war of the rebellion. And a very sensible and wise conclusion this is. Just after the close of the war, Senator Sumner, in a well remembered speech, cited the Roman precedents against perpetuating the memory of civil wars by preserving their trophies, and urged this as the policy of the United States. There was no legislative action, but it seems likely his view was tacitly accepted by the Republican authorities of that day. And in every way honorable to them is the fact. When we were recalling the wayward sisters back to the family table it would not have been chivalric or even courteous to have flaunted in their faces the trophies of their humiliation and defeat.

To dip into figures, Secretary Endicott shows that there were 780 flags rescued by him from the war department cellar, and of this number 236 were United States flags originally captured by the Confederates and recaptured from them, and 544 were Confederate flags taken by United States troops. It has been the practice of the war department to deliver up recaptured Union flags on applications of governors of States or to military organizations that lost the flags in battle under circumstances that reflected no discredit upon the soldiery and gallant conduct of the troops. In this way 19 Union flags were given up by different secretaries and three restored by order of congress.

Of the 544 Confederate flags Mr. Secretary Stanton did the liveliest business in disposing of them. He gave 21 of these flags to individuals or associations and loaned 50 others which were subsequently returned. Since Stanton's day the only Confederate flag given out was one loaned to General W. T. Clark, a Union officer who originally deposited it. This was in January, 1887. "Since this date," says Secretary Endicott, "no Confederate or recaptured Union flag has been issued or lent by this department, and no confederate flag has at any time passed from the custody of the latter to any of the States lately in rebellion."

All are familiar with that later occurrence, which started Fairchild out with three kinds of palsy, and set a going such universal blow-hators as Foraker and Tuttle. This was the suggestion of the adjutant general of the army, that the mouldering flags rescued from the department coal cellar should be returned to the respective State authorities, North and South, Union and Confederate. President Cleveland at first approved it, but on fuller examination revoked the order as not authorized by existing law, nor justified as an executive act." No flags were given up to any one under this order prior to its revocation. But it suggests the proper distribution of these faded and crumbling relics; and some day, in a burst of good feeling, the Grand Army will probably ask congress to do this very thing. —*Pittsburg Post.*

Trouble Feared in the Coke Region.

PITTSBURG, February 27.—There are indications of the wage question again causing considerable agitation in the Connellsville coke district. It was reported this afternoon that notices were being posted to-day throughout the regions notifying the men of a reduction in wages. The new scale is to take effect on March 1, the date when the price of coke will be reduced from $1.75 to $1.50 per ton. Each firm is to handle the wage question individually, but it is understood that the proposed reduction generally amounts to 6½ per cent. Meetings will be held by the cokers next Wednesday. They are specially called to consider the wage question and to decide whether they will accept the reduction. The operators hold a meeting to-morrow, when the Connellsville Coke Exchange agreement will be signed.

Big Steel Work As Closed.

PITTSBURG, February 27.—The sirike of the furnace employes of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works against a reduction of ten per cent. in wages was inaugurated to-day. All the men quit work this morning and the company is now banking the furnaces. A protracted struggle is expected, as the masters are determined to make no more concessions and the men are equally firm in the stand they have taken. The strike affects about one thousand men.

A general lock-out was declared by the firm of Carnegie & Co. Superintendent Jones called the mill committee together this afternoon and after stating that the demands of the men could not be granted announced that inasmuch as the workmen had refused to comply with the terms of the firm they could consider themselves discharged. The decision was a great surprise to the men. They assert, however, that the challenge thrown out by the firm for a conflict will be taken up and they will fight to the bitter end.

A NEW Dependent Pension bill, differing in no important feature from the bill vetoed by President Cleveland, has been reported in the Senate. This bill, it appears, has received the sanction of a committee of the Grand Army. It provides a pension of $12 a month for every honorably discharged soldier who may put in a claim of disability to earn a living, or may be unwilling to earn a support by his labor. But the widows of soldiers who were killed in battle or who died of wounds or disease received in the service and in the line of duty are still to be pensioned at the rate of $8 a month. If the widows had votes, no Dependent Pension bill would make so unjust a discrimination.—*Phila. Record.*

The Battle for Revenue Reduction.

This week is likely to witness the presentation to Congress and the public of the long-considered tariff revision and revenue reduction measure of the House Ways and Means Committee, and it is probable that Mr. Randall will also present his tariff and revenue bill simultaneously with the report of the Committee. The great battle for tariff revision and revenue reduction is, therefore, about to begin, and there will be much quibbling, squirming and backing and filling as small politicians are compelled to face the issue. Fortunately, the issue is greater than party lines, and it is now doubtful which of the two great parties will be most disintegrated by it.

It is now evident that the report of the Ways and Means Committee will present a bill that is unexpectedly conservative in tariff revision. It will commend itself to the Virginias, North Carolina and Louisiana, by repealing the tobacco and fruit brandy taxes, and by a satisfactory reduction on sugar, and the chief point of dispute in the House will be on the extent to which free raw materials shall be admitted. There is diversity of opinion among those who sincerely desire to make tariff revision fairly in the interest of our manufacturers, and that question will be settled on the floor.

Two vitally important features of the bill to be presented by the committee will meet with universal favor. They are—first the general reductions on necessaries of life, and the correction of the administrative features of our present tariff laws, by which great frauds are practiced to the injury of our home producers. On these points there will be little or no dispute, as the necessity of such revision is admitted by all parties. On the question of the duties on steel there will be little opposition, and there should be none at all, to a reduction to $11 or $12; but there will be dispute over the reduction on iron, and a more determined hostility to free wool, coal, iron ore, etc. These are questions to be fairly and practically discussed, and to be decided as the interest of our general industries shall demand.

Let it not be forgotten that tariff revision and revenue reduction are purely economic questions which should be decided squarely on their merits as they relate to the existing conditions of our ever changing industries. Politicians will subordinate business prosperity to party interests, and those who are the beneficiaries of the monopoly tariff that is one of the lingering legacies of the war, will protest against all revision as free trade; but the tariff war never so well understood by the masses of the people as it is now, and as they pay all the needless taxes imposed by monopoly and combines, they will defy party discipline to attain just tariff reduction. It is a question that reaches every home where a pound of sugar or a blanket is used, and the pocket will answer all false theories by which protection is abused in the name of protection.—*Phila. Times, February.* 26

The Western Railway Strike.

The strike on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad derives its main importance from the fact of the interruption to traffic on a great railway system, and the strength and conservatism of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, who are making the strike From the scattering statements as to the trouble published in the press, it looks as if the subject of dispute was really hardly worth striking about, but the fame which that organization has for never going into a strike except on the utmost provocation overbalances the unfavorable presumption. It may possibly be questioned whether the reputation for strength which the Brotherhood has, by reason of striking very rarely and never losing a strike heretofore, may not now be shown to be an over estimate. The organization has incurred the opposition of the Knights of Labor, and has held itself aloof from other trades unions in a way that may isolate it in this struggle. The reports that the striking railroaders from the Reading road are already on their way to take the places of the Burlington men is an indication of the disintegration of labor organizations which may be quite significant before this conflict is over. The most serious aspect of the trouble in its bearing on this section of the country is the infectiousness of railway strikes.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Foundations for the Platform.

The Democratic National Committee has called the Nominating Convention. It now rests with the Democrats in Congress to furnish foundations for the platform and capital for the candidate.

A record of broken pledges is not a good and stable foundation for a party platform. For eight years the Democrats have been demanding a revision and reduction of the tariff and the stopping of the surplus. With what face could they proceed in June to promulgate further pledges of the same sort if the third session of a House in which they have a majority shall result in a third failure even to propose a reduction to the Senate?

For more than eight years the Democrats have been protesting against the assumption of centralized powers by the Federal Government and the extravagance in expenditures which naturally accompanies such a policy. With what confidence can they go to the country with another such protest if they shall join in the grand raid on the surplus now organized in both Houses?

The Democrats in Congress can organize victory or invite defeat in the Presidential campaign. Which will they do?—*N. Y. World.*

Be Honest About Pensions.

Let Congress be honest in disposing of the pension question; honest to the soldier; honest to the country.

The nation should grant a pension to every really dependent soldier who has been in any degree incapacitated for self-support by military service. That is honesty to the brave men who offered life and gave sacrifice to preserve free government.

The nation should interpose every possible safeguard against the idler who disgraces the name of soldier by seeking a pension that he has in no way merited. That is honesty to the nation that, with the most generous pensions of the world's history, should be protected by every law-maker and by every honest soldier against the frauds of the army thief. Be honest about pensions.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well know and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial feyers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg or W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

—John Miller, of Palmyra, Wis., 82 years of age, recently led to the altar Mrs. Ganse, a blushing bride of 65.

—Charles Breck, of Milton, Mass., owns, and occasionally wears, a pair of shoes made by his father 52 years ago.

—In some sections of Maine the doctors have been compelled to put on snowshoes in order to make their rounds of visits.

—A negro who was on trial in a New York police court, on being asked if he was a man of family, declared that he was the father of 32 children.

—Israel Lucas, the defaulting Treasurer of Auglaize county, O., who was arrested in Canada, has compromised with the county for $12,000. He stole $31,000.

—China has at present 1,500 temples to the honor of Confucius, at which 62,600 pigs, rabbits, sheep and deer and 27,000 pieces of silk are offered annually.

—Camille Prixotto, the daughter of a prominent Hebrew of Columbia, S. C., eloped with W. E. McCarthy, a young Christian. She is mourned as dead by her family.

—The demand in England for butter during the last year was for 300,000,000 pounds. Of this Holland and Sweeden supplied 290,000,000 and the United States 10,000,000 pounds.

—Two masked men stopped a west-bound train on the Southern Pacific Railroad near Stein's Pass Station, Arizona, on Wednesday night, and, after plundering Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express car, made good their escape.

—A great deal of Chinese land is divided up into farms of one-sixth of an acre in each. Field hands in China are paid $12 per annum, with food, straw shoes and free shaving. It costs about $9 per year for clothes.

—A man giving his name as James Foster pleaded guilty last week at Bangor, Me., to robbing old man Bennett of $33,000 in money on the night of December 4 last. He is supposed to be highly connected, but his identity is unknown.

—A saloon on the State line of Kansas and Missouri is annoying the authorities of both States. The bar is on wheels and is moved back and forth across the line at will, by which means the proprietor evades the license law of either State.

—A redwood tree recently felled near Humboldt, Cal., measured 16 feet in diameter one way and 20 feet in the other at the stump. It was 200 feet long, tapering to a diameter of 8 feet, and contained enough timber to construct a small village.

—While ploughing on a piece of new ground near Ripon, Wis., Michael Krause unearthed a fine spear head of copper which was evidently a possession of some prehistoric chief. It is two feet long and about 1¼ inches thick, and is beautifully fashioned.

—Pillsbury Mill "A," Minneapolis, grinds 7,000 barrels of flour daily, which is enough for New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. It is eight stories high, and work is never stopped. It keeps 200 railway cars busy. An electrical apparatus enables a watchman to locate a heated box anywhere in the mill.

—An Illinois farmer in Washington county, thinking to increase the weight of a number of hogs he was about to take to market, gave them all the salt water they would drink. Fourteen of them died on the way to town or before they could be weighed, and the tricky farmer's net loss was about $150.

—During a baseball game on the grounds of Chattanooga University on Wednesday of last week, J. C. Johnson, a spectator and a student, took exception to a ruling of Umpire Ben Magill. Magill struck Johnson with a baseball bat, fracturing his skull. Johnson died in a few hours. Magill escaped into Georgia.

—In Whatcom county, W. T., recently Lewis Darrow killed a grizzly bear that weighed 1600 pounds, one of the largest ever seen in the neighborhood. Darrow shot seven slugs from a Winchester into the animal before he could subdue it, and just as the final shot went crashing through its brain the grizzly was within a few feet of him.

—The exceedingly loud manner in which the Canadians declare that the fisheries treaty has sacrificed their interests, and the equally loud howl from New England's shore that its welfare is murdered by the same document, will be likely to suggest to the disinterested world at large the conclusion that the treaty must be about the fair thing.

—A. R French, of Kansas City, had pretty good luck in fishing the other day. He seated himself on the pier at Santa Barbara, Cal., and with a hook and line caught five sharks, averaging in length five feet and nine inches each. The finny monsters fought gamely for freedom and it took the combined efforts of three men to get each on terra firma.

—A dog testified to his ownership in the Hennepin county, Minn., court. He was claimed by two men, one of whom stated that he had been stolen from him two years before. At the word of command of his old master the dog said grace, bowed, opened the door and went through a number of clever tricks, at once settling the question in his owner's favor.

—The first Texas cattle drive of the season started north last Friday from the vicinity of San Antonio. The drive consisted of 12,000 head of two and three-year-old steers, owned by J. R. Blocker, of Austin, Tex., and Colonel Stoddard, of Wyo., Ter. They will be divided into four herds of 3,000 each. The cattle are in prime condition and are expected to yield their owners a handsome profit.

—The village of Little Chute, near Neenan, Wis., is settled almost entirely by Hollanders, the majority of whom make their living by manufacturing wooden shoes, and all of whom wear them. Several times a year they have a dance, which lasts three days and in which everybody joins, both old and young. These dances are always held in the daytime, the people believing that dancing at night is immoral.

—Levi Campbell, of Kingsbury, Me., set a bear-trap, and a bear got into it. He dragged the trap a good distance, until it was caught in a log. Then Levi came up and struck the bear with an axe. The animal turned suddenly, wrenched the trap loose, grabbed Levi, and was in a fair way of making an end of him when his dog pitched in and attracted the bear's attention until Levi could drag himself away.

—An amusing case of absent-mindedness occurred in Fond du Lac, Wis., the other day. A farmer named Mertise drove into town with a load of wheat and stopped at a street corner to await buyers. None appearing, and the street seeming unusually quiet, he made inquiries and learned for the first time that it was Sunday, and, of course, all the good wheat buyers were at church. The best part of the story is that Mr. Mertise is a churchgoer.

—One of the most unique cases of robbery on record was unearthed at Kansas City, when William Jackson a negro, was arrested for trying to sell a stove on a street corner in the business part of town. When the police opened the stove, which was hardly cold, they found a roast of beef, potatoes and a few other articles such as a small family would have for dinner. It is thought he went into some kitchen, removed the fire in the stove and carried it off despite its heat.

A WORD TO ALL.

Go to GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S, Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa., for Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Stair Buttons,

Oilcloths, Linoleum, Lace Curtains, Feathers,

Turcoman Curtains, Madras Curtain Goods, etc., etc. Quality of Goods unequaled and prices the lowest.

—Seth Kinman, a pioneer hunter of the Pacific coast, died at Huimboldt, Cal., recently, at the age of seventy-two years. He crossed the plains from Pennsylvania early in the fifties, and had passed the greater part of his life since then in hunting and trapping. He presented President Buchanan with a buckhorn chair of his own manufacture in 1857, and made a similar gift to President Lincoln in 1864. President Johnson and President Hayes also received presents of a like nature from him.

—George W. Guthrie, one of the wealthiest and best known citizens of southeastern Illinois, was found dead in his house in Marissa, on Sunday week. When found Mr. Guthrie was lying dead on the floor with a bullet hole through the heart, and the carpet and his clothing saturated with blood. An examination showed that the pockets of the clothes had been rifled of $35 in money, a gold watch and chain, and other articles, and that an unsuccessful attempt had been made to drill into a safe which stood in the room. Mr. Guthrie, it is supposed, heard the burglars, and went into the room with his pistol drawn and was overpowered and murdered.

—A mouse caused the postponement of a wedding at Kansas City recently. The guests were all assembled and the ceremony was about to begin, when a scream from one of the ladies caused a general commotion. A little mouse was seen scampering across the room. First one of the ladies and then another declared that the terrible beast had taken refuge in her clothing. In the excitement several valuable vases and other choice articles of bric-a-brac were broken, the bride fainted and the bridesmaids fled across the street to the house of a neighbor. The fright left the young lady who was about to become a wife so ill that it was decided that the wedding must be deferred.

—A mouse on a telegraph wire, high above the street, was the novel sight witnessed in San Francisco recently. When he got 30 feet away from the telegraph pole the mouse grew very timid, and scarcely advanced at all. At length he grew bolder, and finally made the perilous distance of over 300 feet to the next pole. A child explained the mystery of the mouse's queer journey by narrating how a black-and-tan dog had pursued it, making it take to the pole. When the mouse had completed his dangerous mid-air-trip he climed down the pole and stepped on the hand of a looker-on, who carried him away in triumph. The mouse did not object to the proceeding at all. His spirit seemed completely broken by the terrors of his jaunt.

A Horse that Draws the Water He Drinks.

The sagacity exhibited by some of the horses employed by the fire department in this city is very remarkable, and their exploits have been frequently described in our daily newspapers. But for the first time we read in one of our evening contemporaries of a horse in the service of our ambulance corps, which is not for behind any fire engine horse we have read of in point of intelligence. The horse pulls the ambulance in search of patients for the New York Hospital, and during the whole period of his philanthropic career as an ambulance horse, he has never once been given a drink by any of the stable hands. He believes in the maxim that God helps those who help themselves, and helps himself accordingly.

A *Telegram* reporter went down to see how he quenched his thirst, and was edified by the intellectual behavior of the animal, which he describes as follows:

There is an ordinary faucet with a pail under it in the stable, and to this faucet the horse made a bee line.

First he dipped his nose in the pail to see if there was any water there, but finding there was none, he proceeded to open the valve by turning the handle with his nose. He did not turn it on quite enough at the first attempt, so he gave it another nudge, and held his nose under the spigot while the water poured over it to his apparent immense satisfaction. "But what a lot of water will be waisted when he leaves it running the moment he has enough!" ejaculated the reporter.

"Wait and see," answered the driver.

And there was no water wasted, for the moment the horse had concluded his drink, he went at the faucet again with his nose and shut off the flow completely.

"Does he always do that?" again queried the newspaper man.

"Certainly," answered the driver, as he patted his four-footed friend on the shoulder. "As long as I've known him, that horse has never had a drink that he did not draw from the tap for himself just as you have seen him do this time."—*Scientific American.*

A Tough Snake Story.

"I was reading something in your paper about snakes the other day," said J. D. Andrews, an Oregon pioneer, "Let me tell you of a peculiar experience I had with snakes. I have a farm on the Molalla, a few miles from Oregon City, near an oblong, rock-covered hill called Rattlesnake hill, which for years has just been swarming with them. In the spring, when the weather gets warm, rattlesnakes come out of the edges and drift down on the creek bottoms, becoming very troublesome. My farm being only three miles away these reptiles become each year more and more troublesome, endangering especially the lives of my children, who, despite all I could do, would persist in going about bare-footed

"Well, a year ago last spring they swarmed into my wheat field so thickly that I couldn't cut it when it was ripe. This may sound odd to you, but it is a fact. But I got some of my neighbors to help me, and I plowed several furrows around the field, and then laid hair ropes around it and set fire to the wheat. Well, of all the sizzling and frying and strange squawks and noises you ever heard, we had them there. Such a lot of rattling and leaping up and displaying forked tongues, I don't think anybody ever before saw. Of course, they ran from the fire, but the hair rope on the further side turned them, until we had a complete circle of fire around them.

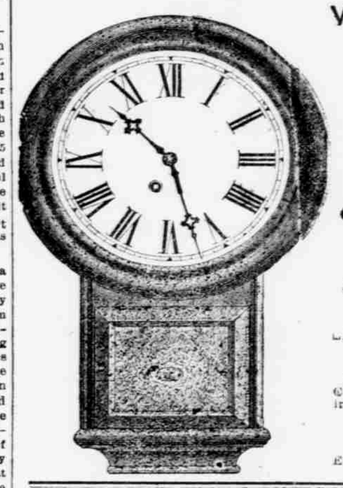
"Well, when the wheat was burned off there were thousands of dead rattlesnakes. They were thicker in the middle than anywhere else, and were twisted and tied together in knots and bunches almost as tight as a barrel. I guss we must have made a clean sweep of them that time, for they have never put in an appearance there since."

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks,

—JEWELRY,—

Silverware, Musical Instruments

—AND—

Optical Goods.

Sole Agent

—FOR THE—

Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches,
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE
Best In The World

For large or small game—32 calibre, 40 grains powder; 38 cal. 50 gr.; 40 cal. 60 gr.; 45 cal. 70 and 90 gr. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market. Prices reduced.

BALLARD Gallery, Sporting and Target Rifles, get reviewed. The standard for target shooting, hunting, and shooting galleries. All calibres from 22 to 45. Made in fourteen different styles, prices from $2.00 up. Send for illustrated catalogue.

MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

The largest made with one of our 22 calibre rifles, twenty consecutive shots after fifty shots had already been fired and no cleaning during the entire seventy shots. These guns carry off nearly all the prizes at target matches because they are always accurate and reliable.

FREE For Men Only. Over Ten Thousand Trial Packages mailed to new patients a large proportion cured. Take a Six Months Treatment at a cost of $1.00. Many who were paralyzed to health by use of HARRIS' SEMINAL PASTILLES. A Radical Cure for Nervous Debility, Organic Weakness and all Sexual Decay in Young or Middle Aged Men. Tested for Eight Years in many thousand cases. Will absolutely restore prematurely aged and broken down men to the full enjoyment of perfect and full Manly Strength and Vigorous Health. To those who suffer from the many obscure diseases brought about by Indiscretion, Exposure, Impure Drugs, Work, or too free Indulgence, we ask that you send us your name with statement of your trouble, and secure THIS VALUABLE BOOK, with Illustrations, &c. RUPTURED PERSONS can have FREE Trial of our Appliances. Ask for Terms!

THE PASTILLES CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY

VIGOROUS HEALTH

A word for humanities of premature men who are the former troubles, and all Quacks whose only aim is to bleed their victims. Take a SURE REMEDY that did CURED thousands, does not impair with medicines to hinder, or cause or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its speedy influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism restored. The genial animating elements of life are given back, the patient becomes cheerful and regains health, and lasting

TREATMENT.—One Month, $3. Two Mos. $5. Three, $7

HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mfg Chemists
3004 N. Tenth Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

R. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.

Johnston, Buck & Co.,

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

Money Received on Depsit, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS

COLLECTIONS MADE AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.

DRAFTS on the Principal Cities Bought and Sold and a

General Banking Business Transacted.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

Ebensburg, April 4, 1884.-tf.

SALESMEN WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, (Refer to this paper.) Rochester, N. Y.

Penn'a Agri'l Works.

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Hay Presses, Stump Pullers and Standard Agricultural Implments generally. Send for Catalogue A. B. FARQUHAR & SON York, Pa. 41.

Important to Canvassers.

WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 99 Reade St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequalled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established '848. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y. Dec. 9, 4t.

1794. 1883.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,

AGENT FOR THE

OLD HARTFORD

FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.

COMMENCED BUSINESS

1794.

Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

ESSENTIAL OILS.

WINTERGREEN, PEPPERMENT, PENNYROYAL, SPEARMINT, &c.

of prime quality, bought in any quantity for cash on delivery, free of broke rage, commission, storage, &c., by

DODGE & OLCOTT,

Importers and exporters, 88 William st., New York

INTENDING ADVERTISERS should address GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce Street, New York City. For SELECT LIST OF 1,000 NEWSPAPERS Will be sent free on application. Jan., 14 '87

DONALD E. DUFTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PENN'A. Office in Colonnade Row.

H. H. MYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PA. Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

GEO. M. READE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PA. Office on Centre street, near High

M. D. KITTELL, Attorney-at-Law, EBENSBURG, PA. Office Armory Building, opp. Court House.

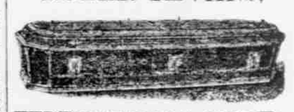
T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. (10-14.-tf.)

FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES, CLAY and Ore Pans, Boiler and Sheet-Iron Work, Second-hand engines and boilers on hand. Hoisting engines and machinery a specialty.—THOMAS CARLIN, Allegheny, Pa. (Jan. 25-'87-1

ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100 Page Pamphlet 10c.

DR. OLDSHOE, 534 GRANT STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

ROBER TEVANS,



UNDERTAKER,

AND MANUFACTURER OF and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE, Ebensburg, Pa.

A full line of Caskets always on hand.

Bodies Embalmed WHEN REQUIRED.

Apr 33 86

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

ST. FRANCIS' COLLEGE, LORETTO, PA., IN CHARGE OF FRANCISCAN BROTHERS.

Board and Tuition for the Scholastic Year, $200.

March 26th, 1886. tf.

KENTUCKY MULES.

The only firm in Penn'a who make a specialty of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Fit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1400 lbs., are D.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - MARCH 2, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Trim your grapevines.

—New subscribers are coming in every day.

—On Tuesday morning the mercury got down to 5 degrees below zero.

—While in attendance at court next week drop in and pay your subscription.

—Mr. John Manion, of Susquehanna township, was in town on Monday.

—Mr. H. C. Scanlan, of Carroll township, was in town transacting business on Wednesday.

—Mr. William Horan, of Johnstown, spent Sunday last in this place, where he has many friends.

—Mr. J. B. Denny has rented the parsonage, belonging the Presbyterian congregation of this place.

—Mr. Thomas Dunphy, of Dean township, was moving around among his acquaintances in this place on Thursday.

—An infant whose mother is in jail awaiting trial at the coming court, died in that institution on Friday last.

—Mrs. Lawrence Schroth and Mrs. S. A Blum, both of Carrolltown, passed through this place on Wednesday.

—Miss Birdie Roberts, who has been on a visit to Minnesota for a couple of months returned home on Friday last.

—The members of Mr. J. A. Shoemaker's family, eight of whom were down with the scarlet fever are all recovering.

—James Null, Esq., of Carrolltown, passed through this place on Monday last on his way to Altoona on business.

—Mr. John Kelly, Sr., of Lilly, who has been seriously ill for some time, is recovering and will soon be able to be about again.

—Mr. Alexander Royer, at one time a well known business man of Johnstown, died at his home in Ironton, O., on Sunday last.

—If an untruth is only a day old it is called a lie; if it is a year old it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old it is a legend.

—Our thanks are tendered Superintendent Leach for copies of the reports of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for 1886 and 1887.

—The Butler *Herald* says: A woman in Springdale, which is a suburb of Butler, recently gave birth to four children, all alive and doing well.

—James Uncapher, formerly of Greensburg, has just struck a gold mine in western Arizona, and will shortly return to his old home a wealthy man.

—Rev. Father Gibson, brother of Mrs. General McDonald, of this place, is visiting Ebensburg and we are informed intends spending the summer here.

—On last Friday night during a violent storm the saw mill of Mr. William Reynolds in Reade township, near Cambria Iron Mills, was blown down.

—George Foster, son of Mrs. C. Foster, of the Fisher House, Greensburg, formerly of Ebensburg, graduated at Duff's Business College, Pittsburgh, last week.

—Dr. J. O. Creary, of the Carrolltown *News*, Henry Scanlan, J. C. Easly and T. R. Scanlan, Esqs, all of Carrolltown, were visitors to our town on Wednesday.

—Several parties who had successfully kept their house plants all through the winter, were disagreeably surprised to fine them frozen on Tuesday morning.

—Mr. J. T. Wilson, of Punxsutawney, has been appointed route agent on the Bell's Gap Railroad, now the Clearfield and Jefferson, to take effect March 5th.

—It was reported here on Monday last that oil had been struck in the Jackson township well on Saturday. On investigation, however, the report proved a canard.

—The time to choose a fertilizer for spring crops has about arrived. The extensive use of the I. P. Thomas & Son's goods is a very conclusive argument in their favor.

—It is said that Major Montooth, one of Pittsburg's leading lawyers, will be here next week to defend Miss Lizzie Thompson on her trial for keeping a disorderly house at Johnstown.

—The new railroad bridge at Summerhill is nearly completed. It has three arches and when finished will be one of the most substantial as well as one of the best pieces of workmanship along the line.

—Miss Nenie Roberts, daughter of Mr. C. V. Roberts, of this place, who has been visiting friends in Pittsburgh, Indiana and Johnstown for the past few months, returned home this (Thursday) evening.

—Joseph Jackson, a tramp belonging to Cleveland, Ohio, on Thursday of last week while stealing a ride on a freight train jumped off near Bonscreek and was badly cut up about the face, head and hands.

—On last Friday morning about 3 o'clock the residence of Rev. Father Wolfel at Huntingdon was entered by burglars and a number of articles amounting to several hundred dollars in value was carried off.

—Some parties in town are negotiating with the farmers and owners of land about a mile north west of this place, with a view of leasing the coal right and sinking a shaft for the purpose of supplying the town with coal.

—There are twenty-eight Commonwealth returns for trial at court next week, including one murder case, that of Thomas Stanley, of Gallitzin, which was continued last court on account of the illness of the prisoner.

—Bertie Connell, the five-year-old son of Mr. William Connell, of this place, who was just recovering from an attack of scarlet fever is now suffering from dropsy, the result of catching cold while recovering from the fever.

—William Barrass, a young man, employed by the slashers of the new railroad in Elder township, on Friday last had his leg dislocated, but is getting along as well as could be expected under the skilful treatment of Dr. Rice, of St. Boniface.

—Arthur J. Rockwood, one of the assistant engineers in charge of the cut between Johnstown and Woodvale, fell from the side of the cut, on Monday morning, down 110 feet on the road bed beneath, and sustained severe injuries, but will recover.

—Messrs. Wm. F. Gable and G. A. Patton, two of the leading business men of Altoona, were among the visitors to our town on Wednesday. We understand they were looking after the purchase of some real estate in the North eastern portion of the county.

—The Dushore *Review*, in commenting on large trees, mentions the following: Wilson Stroud recently cut a pine tree on his tract near Bella Sylva, in Colly township, Sullivan county, which measured 6 feet 8 inches in diameter at the butt, and was cut into fourteen logs, which scaled an aggregate of 10,170. Eighty-four feet from the butt was a branch measuring 33 inches in diameter; 60 feet from the butt a second branch measured 25 inches in diameter. We did not learn the height but it must have exceeded 300 feet.

LOWEST PRICES EAST OR WEST OF THE ALLEGHENIES!

Go where you will, you'll not find Dry Goods in general as cheap anywhere as at Gable & Co.'s store in Altoona, Penn'a. They sell the best 4c. Unbleached Muslin, yard wide, the best 5c., the best 6c., the best 7c., the best 8c., the best 9c. and the best 10c. They sell the best 7c. Calico in Altoona. They sell the best 5, 10, 12½, 17, 20, 22, 25, 37½, 50, 75c. and $1 Embroidery. They sell the best 25c. Towels and the best 25 and 50c. Table Linen. They sell the best 60c. White Shirts and the best 10, 12½ and 26c. Stockings.

You Can Save Money by Buying Our Dry Goods at Gable & Co.'s Store, Altoona, Penn'a.

—Since our last issue we have sold the *News* to Mr. S. H. Dunkle, of Gallitzin, who, as editor and proprietor, will assume control on March 12th, Mr. B. M. Campbell acting as business manager in charge of the office, which will be well equipped.—*New Florence News.*

—Persons wanting sale bills printed in good style and on short notice the coming spring, will do well to leave their orders at the FREEMAN office. If you can't come to the office, send us a list of the articles for sale with the date and hour and we will send the bills by mail.

—The death warrant was read at Lock Haven Thursday of last week, to Luther S. Shaffer, the murderer of the Colbys, fixing the day of the execution on April 4. The condemned man was very little affected and maintained a stolid indifference as the Sheriff read the paper.

—The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement, in another column, of the Ebensburg Normal School. This is the seventh annual term, and from the high character and well-known ability of the corps of teachers, will afford unexcelled advantages to those attending.

—Dr. Harry Summerville, of Susquehanna township, returned home on Saturday last from Cincinnati, where he had been attending lectures at a medical college during the winter. We did not learn where Harry intends hanging his professional shingle, but we wish him success wherever it may be.

—Rev. Thomas McGovern, of Danville recently appointed Bishop of the Harrisburg diocese of the Catholic Church, will be consecrated at the Pro-Cathedral there March 11th. A public demonstration will be given in honor of the occasion. About one hundred and fifty priests and bishops are expected to be present.

—Rev. Father Schell, pastor of St. Mary's German Catholic church, at Altoona, died in that place on Tuesday afternoon in the fifty-sixth year of his age. The funeral services will take place on Monday next at 10:30 o'clock, when a solemn High Mass of Requiem will be celebrated to be followed by his interment in St. Mary's cemetery.

—We this week publish the announcement of Mr. John J. Kinney, of Tunnelhill, as a candidate for the nomination for sheriff. Mr. Kinney is a well-known merchant of that place, a thorough business man, competent to discharge the duties of the office and if nominated and elected would perform the duties of the office with ability.

—Mrs. Margaret Dugan, of Wilmore, died at the home of her father, Mr. Peter Maitze, on Saturday last from consumption. The deceased was a widow, her husband having been killed on the railroad several years ago. She leaves three children to mourn her loss. Her remains were interred in the Catholic cemetry at Wilmore on Monday last.

—Matthew Hennegan, a fourteen-year old lad, the son of a widow in Johnstown, was terribly burned one day last week. While picking cobbles he stepped on an apparently cold cake of cinder, but the thin crust gave way with him and his foot sank down in the hot liquid half way up to the knee. The flesh was burned off to the bone and he will likely loose his foot.

—Last Friday was St. Mathias' Day and according to an old saying he either makes or breaks ice on that day. Ice was broken on that day, and people who believe in sayings of that kind were ready for the breaking up of winter, but when Monday came and dropped the mercury down to five degrees below zero, they wisely concluded to wait awhile before laying away their overcoats.

—Ex Associate Judge Thomas, and family, passed through this place on Tuesday with Carrolltown as their destination, where the Judge will take possession of the Carrolltown House, in the future to be known as the Hotel Brunswick. The Judge's many friends when visiting Carrolltown will find his house a comfortable and convenient place to stop, and we wish him success in his new location.

—Bargains, bargains at McDonald's store, Loretto, Pa. The following lines of goods will be closed out at actual cost for spot cash or good markable produce until April 1st: All kinds of dress goods, flannels, woolens, ladies', misses and children's shoes, also men's and boy's boots, shoes, hats, caps and clothing. Flour, $4.50 and $5 per barrel; best A No. 1 salt, $1.25 per barrel. All other goods at equally low prices for spot cash or trade.

—The Commissioners of fisheries of Pennsylvania will have for distribution during the spring of 1888 trout fry for stocking the public waters of the State. Blank "applications" for trout or carp fry can be obtained from the Commissioners, viz: H. C. Ford, 324 Walnut street, Philadelphia; W. L. Powell, Harrisburg; S. B. Stillwell, Scranton; H. C. Demuth, Lancaster, or from "The Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania," 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia.

—The Invalid Pensions Committee will report with favorable recommendations the Ex-Prisoners of War Pension bill. It grants a pension at the rate fixed by law to all who were thirty days or more confined in the Confederate prisons, and gives $2 a day outright for each day more than thirty they were imprisoned. Favorable reports will also be made on the bills increasing the pension for total deafness to $30 a month, and limiting the fee of examining pension surgeons to $2 for each case.

—Committees of the different departments of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, at Braddock, who waited on Superintendent Jones on Monday last to learn the decision of the firm on the wage question, were informed that the men might consider themselves discharged, and the works would close down. The cause of the discharge was the notification of the firm on Monday morning by the workingmen that furnaces F and G would be banked at 4:30 P. M., and the Manager anticipated their action, thus making the stoppage a shut-down instead of a strike.

—Rev. David Williams, a Baptist preacher, died at De Land, Florida, on Tuesday of last week, aged about 75 years. He was a son of Rev. Thomas Williams who owned and lived on the farm now belonging to Edward Owens, about a mile northwest of this place, and was born there. He has resided in Florida for several years, prior to which he was stationed at Harrisburg. He was a brother to Mr. John T. Williams, now very aged and an invalid, who makes his home with his son-in-law, Mr. John Garman, of the East Ward, this borough. The deceased had preached the gospel for over fifty years and was honored and respected by all who knew him.

—Dr. J. M. C. White, formerly of Indiana county, and who made his escape from the jail at Indiana about one year ago, was arrested in Kansas last week, and is now in jail at Greensburg awaiting trial upon a grave charge. He is sixty-four years old, and the father of eleven children.

—Probably one of the most popular Judges in the State is Hon. Robert L. Johnston, of Cambria county. On the bench he keeps the court machinery in full operation, and directs it with a cool, level head and firm hand. When the court has adjourned, and Judge Johnston steps down from the high seat, he is as affable and jolly a man as one will meet in a day's travel. He has a fund of humor and racy anecdotes that will expand the longest face among the little crowds that always gather about him. Judge Johnston does not regard it a misdemeanor for a man to laugh. If it were, he would be serving sentence as a constant and old offender. Judge Johnston's coming to this place to hold court is always regarded with pleasure by the members of the bar. There seems to be a mutual sentiment in this, too, as Judge Johnston declares that, after his own county of Cambria, old Westmoreland is nearest to his heart.—*Westmoreland Democrat.*

—On last Friday night a hurricane struck Westmoreland county, tearing down fences and uprooting trees. In the vicinity of Latrobe the barns of Mr. Daily and John Markle were unroofed, and in the town, part of the roof of the old Anderson planing mill was torn off. Telegraph wires were blown down and communication interrupted until 7 o'clock Saturday morning. Between Beatty's and Carney's Stations two trees were blown down, both of which fell across and crashed through, snapping every wire of both the P. R. R. Company's and the Western Union lines. At several other points between that and Bolivar the wires were also blown down. In the midst of the storm an axle of a car of a west-bound freight train was broken at a point near Bolivar and five loaded cars were badly wrecked, causing a railroad blockade, which delayed all traffic for two and a half hours. The top of the west tower of St. Vincent's Monastery was also blown off, the top of a chimney on a house belonging to Andy H. Young, was carried away, the car works, also the property of Mr. Young, were damaged, and part of the roof of John Quinlan's house was torn off.

Items from Ashville.

ASHVILLE, Feb. 27, 1888.

The sleighing is going and lots of mud is taking the place of the beautiful snow.

Mr. P. Dunn, proprietor of the Exchange Hotel in this place, is lying very ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Hildebrand, of this place, got a hard fall on the ice and was badly hurt about the face. Dr. Twitmire, of Gallitzin, is attending her.

Mr. Charles Burgoon, who has been working for some time past at Frugality, has returned home to stay.

Messrs. Schell & Bros., butchers of this place, on Wednesday last received a car load of fat cattle from East Liberty and are now prepared to furnish the people of Ashville with fine steaks.

Miss Georgie Burgoon, of this place, departed for Coalport to finish learning the millenery trade.

Mr. Lewis McMullen, of this place, who for some time back has been working at Dean Station, has returned home to stay.

Miss Mame Dunn is visiting friends in our town.

Mrs. D. G. Myers and Mrs. J. J. Rhody, of this place, went to the Buckhorn on a visit to their many friends and expect to be away for a couple of weeks. Miss Fannie Storm is keeping house for Mrs. Myers and Miss Eva Delozier is keeping house for Mrs. Rhody, during their absence.

Miss Annie Callahan, of Chest Springs, is spending a few days at her sisters in this place.

Twelve men of this place had a joint stock interest in a turkey, and in order to aportion their undivided interests the turkey was prepared for dinner at Mr. Brookbank's hotel. Only four of the original stockholders, Messrs. D. G. Myers, J. J. Rhody, G. Roth and A. Miller, however, were on hand at the feast and the other eight lost their stock.

Mrs. D. G. Myers had another carpet rag sewing party one day last week which was attended by Misses Annie Stoy, Mame Dunn, Fannie and Maggie Storm, Eva and Cora Delozier, Harriet and Lucy Will, Annie Wilson, Annie Callahan, Ellen Downey, Hattie McLucas and Minnie Johnson. Mrs. J. J. Rhody was the only married lady present and when the party and rags were wound up of course Mrs. R. had the largest ball. Heigh! ho! Mrs. Myers, come again.

At the election on Tuesday last, the following named gentlemen were duly elevated to official positions: Burgess, L. Litzinger; Councilmen, G. Schell, W. Krise, J. Miller, P. Elwanger, S. Johnson and S. Gill; School Directors, P. Skelly, P. Stoy, J. Rhody, D. Brookbank, W. Mansfield and L. McDermitt; Justice of the Peace, D. G. Myers; Constable, A. Miller; Collector, J. Myers; Assessors, J. Rhody, W. Krise and J. Myers.

BLUEBIRD.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, or W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Items from Lilly.

LILLY, Pa., Feb. 26, 1888.

ED. FREEMAN: Hoping to not intrude on the columns of your paper I give you the following items after a brief absence:

Oliver Boley, son of Mr. Henry Boley, a respected citizen of this place, who is employed as a driver, while riding to his work was thrown by a mule and his feet catching in the harness, he was dragged a considerable distance before he was rescued by Mr. Kearney who came to his assistance. He is pretty badly hurt, but miraculously escaped being killed, as his clothes were torn into schreds. It is hoped he will recover.

Miss Kate Boley, of Loretto, is the guest of Miss Katie Bender, of this place.

Andrew Boley is laid up with sore throat, but we hope he may speedily recover.

Caron Ryan was kicked by a mule one day last week, but his injuries, though painful, are not dangerous.

Miss Stella Short, who has been laid up with pneumonia, is improving under the skilful treatment of Dr. Grove. Dr. Grove is a successful physician, energetic and untiring in the care of his patients, and is deserving of a large and lucrative practice from the people of Lilly and surrounding country. X.

The County Committee.

As a meeting of the Democratic County Committee is called to meet at Army Hall, in this place, on Monday, March 12th, we publish below a list of the committeemen:

Adams township, Henry Larison; Allegheny township, W. A. B. Little; Barr township, W. J. Kirsh; Blacklick township, John B. Hite; Cambria borough 1st ward, Robert H. Bridges; Cambria borough 2d ward, George Frick; Cambria township, Michael Farren; Carrolltown borough, Andrew Eckenrode; Carroll township, J. G. C. Bearer; Chest Springs borough, J. B. Noonan; Cheat township, Anthony Sill; Clearfield township, John H. Douglass; Conemaugh township, D. J. Horner; Conemaugh borough 1st ward, E. Malzi; Conemaugh borough 2d ward, Michael Nevin; Coopersdale borough, J. Schrock; Croyle township, Charles Crouse; Dean township, J. Rhody; East Conemaugh borough,—; East Taylor township, J. B. Clark; Ebensburg borough east ward, J. B. Denny; Ebensburg west ward, P. F. Brown; Elder township, A. Weakland; Franklin borough, D. A. Murphy; Gallitzin borough, M. Fitzharris; Gallitzin township, E. J. Siebert; Grubbtown borough, William R. Grubb; Jackson township, J. L. Singer; Johnstown borough 1st ward, Reuben Linton; Johnstown borough 2d ward, John Downey; Johnstown borough 3d ward, W. A. Bryan; Johnstown borough 4th ward, James Murtha; Johnstown borough 5th ward, Henry Defenbaugh; Johnstown borough 6th ward, Levi J. Ripple; Johnstown borough 7th ward, Adam Hibner; Lilly's borough, F. C. George; Loretto borough, C. F. O'Donnell; Lower Yoder township, P. H. Cole; Millville borough 1st ward, Austin Neary; Millville borough 2d ward, John Fox; Munster township, J. Smith; Portage township, John Itel; Prospect borough, Patrick O'Toole; Reade township, John Kuhn; Richland township, Bernard Nees; Stonycreek township, George Shaffer; Summerhill township, Edward Grew; Susquehanna township, J. B. Stalb; Tunnelhill borough, Partick O'Dowd, Upper Yoder township, George Knels; Washington township, S. A. Myers; White township, M. J. Noel; Wilmore borough, P. E. Kirby; Woodvale borough, James Cain; West Taylor township, James Eckels.

No Place Like the Old Home.

There was a car full of colonists at the Union Station last Friday morning, who had a tale of woe and deception to relate. For two years they had struggled to elk out an existence where they had settled in the West, and were then returning, broken-hearted and discouraged, to their homes in the eastern part of the State. There were five families in the party, consisting of about thirty persons. The heads of two of the families were Amos Stultzfultz and J. J. Harshberger, the latter being from Mifflin county.

Mr. Harshberger said: "We are all from Mifflin and Lancaster counties. We have had an experience that teaches us the lesson that Pennsylvania is the best place to make a living. Two years ago agents came among us and told us great stories of how we could grow rich if we went to Kansas. When we got there we located in Harvey county, a little south of the centre of the State. We tried hard to raise crops, but failed. The soil was rich, but there was scarcely ever any rainfall. Crops failed, the farmers had to buy hay and grain for their stock, and some were worse than penniless. All the colonists from different parts of the country suffered. The agents said that the last two seasons were exceptionally dry, but colonists who had liven there for years said that they only got scarce crops, and that a good year was a rarity.

"The people are all anxious to leave the place, but they haven't enough money. If it had not been for my father my family would have died. He is well fixed and owns four farms in Mifflin county. I am returning home to farm with him. We consider that we were victimized by the agents who induced us to go West. They represented that we could secure good paying farms at from $20 to $30 per acre, but when we got to Kansas we could barely keep from starving. Why, if even one-quarter of what was represented to us had been true we might have gotten along."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Try, Try Again.

After trying many advertised remedies for catarrh during the past twelve years I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and with complete success. It is over one year since I stopped using it and have had no return of the catarrh. I recommend it to all my friends in this vicinity. Milton T. Palm, Reading, Pa.

My daughter and myself, great sufferers from catarrh, were cured by Ely's Cream Balm. My sense of smell is restored. C. M. Stanley, shoe dealer, Ithaca, N. Y.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Feb. 29th, 1888:

Henry Bearing and Louisa Horn, Stony Creek township.

Frank Davis and Elizabeth M. Keffer, Lower Yoder township.

Joseph Uhl, Millville borough and Kate Reiger, Cambria borough.

Frank M. Goughnour, Johnstown and Jennie Benshoff, Rosedale.

William Schmidt and Lena Zimmer, Johnstown.

John W. Whistler, Conemaugh and Jennie M. Jackson, Johnstown.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Died.

FARABAUGH.—Died in Elder township Saturday, February 18th, 1888, Herman son of F. E. and Theresa Farabaugh, aged 4 months and 18 days.

HELFRICH.—Died at her home in Elder township on Wednesday, February 22nd, 1888, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Nicholas Helfrich, aged 74 years.

The deceased was born in Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county, 74 years ago, and was married to her husband who survives her in 1833. In 1852 they moved to the mountain and bought a farm in Elder township where her aged and respected life partner still resides. Her remains were interred at St. Boniface. Wilkesbarre papers please copy.

KELLY.—Died at his home in Tunnelhill, on Sunday, February 26th, 1888, Mr. James Kelly, aged 78 years.

The deceased was a native of Ireland who emigrated to this country in 1826, and shortly afterward moved to Allegheny township, where he purchased a farm, on which he resided up to about six years ago when he moved to Tunnelhill. He was highly respected and esteemed by all acquainted with him, and his remains were followed to their last resting place, the Catholic cemetery at Gallitzin on Tuesday last by a large concourse of sorrowing friends. He leaves a wife and one daughter, who is the wife of John Bradley, of Tunnelhill. Peace to his ashes.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

THE FOLLOWING PERSONS HAVE FILED petitions for LICENSE with the Clerk of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county to be presented to the Court on MONDAY, March 19th, 1888:

Adams township—John Orris, tavern.

Ashville borough—David Brookbank, Patrick Dunn, R. J. Free, Joseph Miller, tavern.

Barr township—Eberhart Gessler, Frank A. Kline, tavern.

Cambria borough 1st wd—Charles Boyle, Patrick Boyle, John M. Enright, Patrick Green, Michael Keating, Francis E. Kelly, John Klotz, Reginia Kurtz, Michael Lafrey, John Lukart, Martin Logan, Hugh McConnell, Patrick J. McLaughlin, Patrick Scanlan, tavern; Keystone Brewing Co., wholesale.

Cambria borough 2d wd—George Aigner, John Burkhard, Mary Burkhardt, John Boylan, John Fee, Peter Garrey, John Lysett, Charles McClafferty, Peter Roth, Jacob Shaffer, John Scheffauer, Henry Laly, Peter Toner, tavern; Jacob Gegner, brewer.

Carrolltown borough—Julia Binder, H. A. Blum, Celestine A. Farabaugh, John Glasser, C. A. Luther, Lawrence Schroth, John Stelz, John D. Thomas, tavern; H. A. Blum, C. A. Farabaugh, brewer, Gray & Williams, John J. Hauk, wholesale.

Carroll township—Catharine Baker James P. Huber, Henry Mellon, Mathew Weakland, Thos. J. Weaklan, tavern.

Chest township—Leonard Hartman, tavern.

Chest Springs borough—John Crouse, Dr. J. B. Noonan, tavern.

Clearfield township—George Harber, J. A. Wallace, tavern.

Conemaugh borough 1st wd—Fred Benler, Jas. C. Darby, F. S. Friedhoff, John Gans, George Held, Erhardt Malzi, R. J. Mulvehill, Wilhelmina Munzer, Joseph Reidel, tavern.

Conemaugh borough 2d ward—David Costlow, Sarah Cavanaugh, Thos Daley, Anna Ernt, John Gerhardt, Josua Griffith, Chas. and Maggie Hoffman, Fred W. Hoffman, Benjamin Hoy, Laura Toohey, Henry H. Thomas, Joseph Walcher, tavern; Chas and Maggie Hoffman, wholesale; Lambert & Kretz, brewers.

Conemaugh township—Lawrence Kost, wholesale.

Croyle township, Peter Brown, Albert Carpenter, John Griffith, Patrick McCall, John D. Wentroth, tavern.

Dean township—Thos. Dunphy, Ellen Hollis, tavern.

East Conemaugh borough—Wm. J. Cannon, Geo. A. Foster, Margaret Kelly, tavern.

Ebensburg borough West Ward—P. F. Brown, John Hender, John S. Miller, tavern.

Ebensburg borough East Ward—L. Esterline, tavern.

Elder township—Peter C. Glasser C. A. Gray, Jacob S. Kline, John Lantry, Frank X. Ott, tavern.

Franklin borough—Peter Rubritz, tavern.

Gallitzin borough—R. C. Burk, Chas. Dean, Michael Fitzharris, Joseph M. Gunning, Arnold Lenz, H. J. Shettig & J. C. Snyder, Max Stehle, tavern; Allen H. Helst, D. Lutz & Son, wholesale; Andrew Geagler, brewer.

Gallitzin township—Richard Byrne, tavern; H. D. Reiners, wholesale; H. D. Reiners, brewer.

Grubbtown borough—Catherine Ream, George W. Penrod, tavern.

Johnstown borough 2d wd—John Coad, Joseph Crause, John Frank, Conrad Hoffman, Gottfreid Hoffman, John James, W. & D. Kirby, Geo. W. Kough, Thos. Kinney, Daniel Lysett, Job Morgan, Frank O'Donnell, John O'Tool, Geo. C. Roth, John Schiffauer, Neal Sherkey, tavern; John Raab, wholesale.

Johnstown borough 3d wd—Joseph Balter, James Clark, Wm. Gerhardt, John J. Hornick, Joseph Kost, Charles Kronp, Mrs. C. Kast, Robt. E. Lambert, James J. Milligan, Michael Murphy, Chas. H. McAteer, John J. McCann, Chas. Oswald, Stephen Quirk, Geo. Roth, Robt Sagerson, John Y. Shaffer, Benjamin Sniky, Chas. Weas, tavern; Fisher & Co., Frantzheim & Vidwald, Henry G. Ludwig, John Ludwig & Son, D. Lutz & Son, wholesale.

Johnstown borough 4th wd—Wm. L. Haliery, Henry Koch, Eckhart Pfeil, Conrad J. Schable, F. P. Wier, tavern; John Emerling, Jacob Meier, brewers; Wm. Thomas, wholesale and bottler.

Johnstown borough 5th wd—Jacob Hartman, tavern.

Johnstown borough 6th wd—Wm. Shaffer, tavern.

Johnstown borough 7th wd—John B. Gerhardt, tavern.

Lilly borough—Wm. Reet, Geo. Brant, Gebhardt Bender, C. A. George, Margaret Helly, John Metzgar, Edward Malherron, Thos. Sheridan, tavern; Theodore Sill, brewers.

Loretto borough—Florian Hengle, A. J. Christy, C. F. O'Donnell, tavern.

Millville borough 1st wd—Robert Butler, Thos. D. Broderich, Ed. Flanagan, Evan A. James, John Maloney, Michael F. Murphy, Owen McCue, Jr., Patrick Rodgers, tavern; Pier & Dannals, wholesale.

Millville borough 2d wd—A. E. Baker, James P. Burns, James Daily, John Honan, Jr., Bridget Lynch, Thomas McDermott, tavern.

Portage township—Jesse McGough & John P. Greome, J. J. McDonnell, tavern.

Prospect borough—Mary Neary, Thomas Riley, tavern.

Reade township—W. A. Chaplin, Joseph F. Durbin, James Laing, tavern; Michael Carroll, wholesale.

Richland township—Soloman Martin, Bernard Nees, tavern.

South Fork borough—W. W. Baker, Chas. N. Crouse, Thomas Keelan, tavern.

Stonycreek township—John Metzler, George S. Schafer, John H. Watkins, tavern.

Susquehanna township—Simon P. Lantry, Philip F. Miller, tavern.

Tunnelhill borough—Andrew Basal, Joseph A. Bertram, Albert F. Fick, tavern.

Washington township—John H. Clark, W. R. Dunham, Chas. H. Humbert, Frank Leap, Patrick R. Myers, John McNally, Hugh O'Donnell, tavern; Chas. E. Schwaderer, brewer.

Wilmore borough—Joseph Horner, Conrad Wenderoth, tavern.

Upper Yoder township—Chas. Hochstine, John A. O'Connor, tavern.

Lower Yoder township—Michael Conway, Francis Leckey, tavern; Jacob Albrecht, brewer.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Clerk.

Ebensburg, Feb. 27, 1888.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby geven that the following accounts have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and will be confirmed by said court on the first Monday in March next, unless cause be shown to the contrary:

First and final account of Joseph Tomlinson, committee of John Vaught, a lunatic.

First and Final account of John C. Gates, assignee of Mathias Kessler, et. ux.

First and final account of Jas. M. Shumaker, assignee of John H. Henning.

Ebensburg, Feb. 10, 1888.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

POLITICAL.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

C. A. LANGBEIN.

Ebensburg, Pa., Feb. 24, 1888

FOR SHERIFF. John J. Kinney, of Tunnelhill borough at the coming Democratic primary election. Your support respectfully solicited.

FOR SHERIFF. We are authorized to announce the name of W. D. McClelland, of Johnstown, as a candidate for Sheriff subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing under the name of W. A. Chaplin & Bro., has been this day dissolved.

W. A. CHAPLIN & BRO.

Flynn City, Pa., Feb. 6, 1888.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the two horse wagon and team in the possession of James Stinebiser belongs to me and all persons are hereby notified not to meddle with or interfere with the same. GEORGE DUMAN.

Blacklick twp., Feb. 20, 1888.—3t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Frederick Mause, deceased, of Croyle township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby giving to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY B. MAUSE,
ADM'X.

Croyle Twp., Feb. 17, 1888.

NOTICE.—In the Orphans' Court of the County of Cambria. To the Heirs and Legal Representatives of William J. McGuire, deceased.

GREETING: You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of the Orphans' Court, to be held at Ebensburg, on the first Monday of March next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the Real Estate of William J. McGuire, deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an Inquest duly awarded by the said Court, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 10, 1888.

NOTICE.—To the heirs and legal representatives of John Evans, deceased.

Take notice that an inquest will be held on the premises of John E. Evans, deceased, in the townships of Susquehanna and Blacklick, in the County of Cambria, on Wednesday, February 29th next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent to and among his heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise, to value and appraise the same according law, at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 30, 1888.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.

On the following days for the districts named the Commissioners of Cambria county will sit at their office in Ebensburg, for the purpose of hearing appeals from the assesment of money at interest, Bucks staged, etc., used for hire, taxable for State purposes for the year 1888.

On Tuesday, March 23d, for Adams, Allegheny, Barr, Blacklick, Cambria, Carroll, and Chest townships 1st and 2d wards of Cambria borough, Ashville and Carrolltown boroughs.

On Friday, March 23d, for Clearfield, Conemaugh, Croyle, Dean, East Taylor, West Taylor, Elder and Gallitzin townships, 1st and 2d wards of Conemaugh borough, Chest Springs, Coopersdale and East Conemaugh borough.

On Saturday, March 24th, for East and West wards Ebensburg borough, Franklin, Gallitzin, Grubbtown, Lilly, Loretto, Prospect and Tunnelhill boroughs, Jackson, Munster, Portage and Summerhill townships.

On Tuesday, March 27th, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th wards Johnstown borough, and 1st, and 2d wards Millville borough.

On Wednesday, March 28th for Reade, Richland, Stonycreek, Susquehanna, Washington, and South Fork, Millville and Woodvale boroughs.

JOHN CAMPBELL,
JOHN KIRBY, } Com.
J. G. LLOYD,
D. A. McGOVERN, Clerk.

Ebensburg, Feb. 22, 1888.

ASSIGNEE SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

The undersigned by virtue of orders issued from the Common Pleas Courts of Blair and Cambria counties, will expose to public sale at the Court House in Hollidaysburg on

Wednesday, March 28, '88,

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described real estate, to wit: The undivided one-fourth interest in a certain tract of coal and timber lands situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., warranted in the name of Mifflin Hanum, containing two hundred and twenty (220) acres more or less.

TERMS: One-half on confirmation of sale, and balance in one year with interest to be secured by mortgage or judgment bond of purchaser.

H. SMITH,
Assignee of R. A. IRWIN.

Hollidaysburg, Feb. 29, 1888.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS THE HON. ROBERT L. JOHNSTON, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, of the 47th Judicial District consisting of the County of Cambria, has issued his precept bearing date the 16th day of December, 1887, to me directed for holding a Court of Over and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, and Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in Ebensburg for the County of Cambria and to commence on the First Monday of March, 1888, and continue two weeks.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Coroner, Justices of Peace, Aldermen, and Constables, of said county of Cambria, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 1 o'clock in the forenoon of said day with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the priso

A Chapter on Geese.

I was out on a Jersey farm, spending my vacation. The farmer had a big flock of geese, and he was eternally throwing the most hefty kind of Jersey words at them. One day I sat on the farmer's piazza talking with him. The geese were placidly cropping grass down along the road, a great big gander leading them on. Peace, tranquility and contentment spoke in every movement the law des troying 'bipeds made.

"There wasn't a cloud in the sky. The farmer's men were working without much apparent vim at raking and loading hay down in a meadow not far away. Suddenly the old gander poked up his head, gave voice to a peculiar squawk, lifted his wings and started off on a run as fast as his big webb feet would let him go. All the geese poked up their necks at the sound of the gander's voice, lifted their wings, and with a chorus of noises that only a flock of geese can produce, started after the gander as tight as they could wabble. The gander ran maybe twenty yards, an then, with a wild shriek, he took wing and flew in the direction of a pond a short distance from the road. The geese raised and flew after him, filling the air with their discordant cries. Gander and geese alighted in the pond, where they all gathered in a bunch, held a consultation or congratulatory confab in a subdued chorus of cackles, and went through all sorts of maneuvers on the pond for a time, when they sparated and swam about as placidly as they had been feeding a few minutes before.

"At the first movement of the gander when he broke the tranquility of the feeding flock, my friend, the farmer, arose quickly to his feet, and as he turned toward the meadow, said:

" 'There's them hands workin' as if they had all the rest o' the year to get that hay in, an' here we're goin' to be ketched in a tearin' old shower in less'n an hour, or else there hain't no use in keepin' geese.'

"The farmer hurried down to the meadow, spurred up the men, and lent a hearty hand himself at the hay. Before many minutes had passed I saw clouds banking themselves in the horizon, and presently the mutter of distant thunder was heard among them. The farmer was right. In an hour's time one of the hardest thunder storms I ever saw was raging over that part of New Jersey, and it caught the last load of the old man's hay in transit. After supper that night I questioned my host on the geese, and found that the reason he kept them was to keep him posted on the weather.

" 'They hain't never failed me yet,' he said. 'When I get up in the mornin' and see them geese out on the pond a divin' an' a dressin' down their feathers as if they was gettin' ready to go to some party or other, I know that we're sure of clear, warm, dry weather, an' I make my calc'lations 'cardin'ly. If they hain' a dressin of themselves, much, but act kinder as if it was't o' a much account a spruein' up, than I keep my eye on 'em. That's a warnin' that we're in danger of a spell o' weather. If the geese quits the pond an' don't go back much through the day I know the danger holds, an' I get ready for a set rain of a day or so. If they feed along awhile and waddle back to the pond kinder chipper like, an' go to dressin' themselves and divin' then I'm pooty sartin' that they won't be no set rain commencin' that day. It the geese gits up all of a sudden an' tears around like ye see 'em this afternoon, then there's a shower comin,' an' it's a a comin' fast, ye can bet.'

"So you need never wonder why some farmers keep geese around and still wish they were in Halifax. They are their weather prognosticator, and they believe in 'em as firmly as they do in the making of apple jack. This farmer told me another funny thing about these geese weather signals. He said that when they prophesy a storm the sounds they make are not like their cries at any other time. Consequently the farmers are never fooled by the cries of a flock of geese that may rise in the air from a place where they were out of sight, if the rise has been caused by any fright the geese may have been subjected to. An expert reader of goose signa's can tell the frightened cry from the prophetic shriek as far as he can hear it.

"Never saw a goose plucking, hey? Well, it isn't a sight that would give you much pleasure. On the day set for stripping geese of their feathers they are enticed into some airtight outhouse. The pickers, who are always women, go among the geese with their heads and faces entirely covered with hoods fastened around the neck with a shirr string. There are holes for the eyes and also little holes at the nose for fresh air. From the neck down the picker is covered with a glazed muslin garment, to which no feathers or down will adhere. The pickers sit on low stools around a large and perfectly dry tub. There is generally a man or boy in the neighborhood who is an expert at getting the goose ready for picking. Everybody can't do that. The wings of the goose have to be locked together by a peculiar arrangement of the two near the shoulders, and while they are not tied or fastened in any other way, the lock is such that no goose can unlock it without aid. The feet are tied together with broad bands of soft muslin. When a goose is thus made helpless it is taken on the picker's lap and she plucks the feathers out rapidly but with such skill that she seldom breaks the skin or causes blood to follow. The air is kept full of feathers during the process, all of which settle in the big tub at last. Before beginning a goose the picker brushes the feathers back the wrong way, so that she can see the skin. An expert can tell at a glance, by the color of the skin, whether she must exercise more than ordinary care in plucking it, or whether it is not better to let the goose go without plucking at that time. In every case the picker must be careful and not pluck the feathers too close under the wings. If a goose has been improperly picked in that respect the wings will drop and drag on the ground.

SUBSCRIBE for the FREEMAN.

KASKINE
THE NEW QUININE.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC.

that the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,

and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine.

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years."

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

DR. SINE'S SYRUP CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

"Rough on Rats."

clears out rats, mice, roaches flies, ants, bedbugs.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 25c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells's Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles."

Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells's Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

"Rough on Catarrh.

Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also imcipient as cargie for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1

"Water Bugs. Roaches."

"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles ants.

DR. SETH ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER CURES COUGHS AND COLDS PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

All Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. Prepared only by Dr. Seth Arnold, Med. Corp., Woonsocket, R. I.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Beautifully Illustrated. 25 cts., $3 a Year.

ITS SCOPE.—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE gives preference to national topics and scenes, and to literature and art are of the highest standard. Famous American writers fill its pages with a wide variety of interesting sketches of travel and adventure, serial and short stories, descriptive accounts of our famous countrymen and women, brief essays on the foremost problems of the period, and, in short, this Magazine is

Distinctively Representative of American Thought and Progress.

It is acknowledged by the press and public to be the most popular and entertaining of the high-class monthlies.

IMPORTANT. A Specimen Number, with Illustrated Premium List, and Special Inducements in Cash or Valuable Premiums to Club Raisers, will be sent on receipt of 15c., if this paper is mentioned.

☞ Responsible and energetic persons wanted to solicit subscriptions. Write at once for exclusive territory.

Address,

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE CO., 749 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED to canvass for one of the largest, oldest-established, best-known Nurseries in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. Prices low. Genuine Nursery. Established 1841. W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N.Y.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful nerve stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. It is the true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power, combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Prop's BURLINGTON, VT.

PROTECT YOUR HOMES!

MARLIN DOUBLE ACTION REVOLVER.

A GOOD REVOLVER no longer costs a Fortune

These revolvers are an exact duplicate of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON. .38 Caliber, using Centre-Fire Cartridges.

Self-Cocking, Automatic Ejecting.

FULL NICKEL PLATED, RUBBER HANDLE.

WARRANTED EQUAL IN EVERY RESPECT TO THE SMITH & WESSON.

For sale by Hardware and Gun Dealers everywhere.

Manufactured by THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

MARLIN Magazine Rifle.

For large or small game, all sizes. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed, and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market.

BALLARD GALLERY, SPORTING AND TARGET RIFLES, world renowned. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

IDEAL RELOADING TOOLS

WILL SAVE ONE-HALF THE COST OF AMMUNITION.

Made for all sizes of Cartridges which are used in any of the following Rifles or Pistols: Marlin, Colt's, Winchester, Ballard, Stevens, Remington, Whitney-Kennedy, Smith & Wesson; also for all gauges and makes of

SHOT GUN SHELLS, PAPER AND BRASS.

Cheaper and better than any other. Send for Price List of these tools to

Ideal Manufacturing Company, Box 1064 G. New Haven, Conn.

1888.

THE TIMES PHILADELPHIA.

Cheapest, § Brightest, § Freshest and § Best.

The Most Complete Newspaper Published in Philadelphia.

The Times is the most widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its readers are among the more intelligent, progressive and thrifty people of every faith. It is emphatically an independent newspaper.—"Independent in everything, neutral in nothing." Its discussion of public men and public measures is always fearless and in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

The News of the World.—The Times has all the facilities of advanced journalism for gathering news from all quarters of the Globe, in addition to that of the Associated Press, now covering the whole world in its scope, making it the perfection of a newspaper, with everything carefully edited to occupy the smallest space.

The Coming Year will be one of universal public interest in the United States. Party organs will perform their duties as party interests shall demand, but the rapidly growing intelligence and independence of the age calls for the independent newspaper when great political conflicts are to be met. Grave problems of revenue, of finance, of commerce, of industry, of science, of art, of labor, of every phase of enlightened society are in constant course of solution by the people of the Union, and the progressive newspaper is ever in the lead in every struggle for advancement.

The Times is a 1-cent paper only in price. It aims to have the largest circulation by deserving it, and claims that it is unsurpassed in all the essentials of a great Metropolitan newspaper.

Specimen Copies of any edition will be sent free to anybody sending their address.

Sunday Edition—16 pages—handsomely illustrated, $2.00 a year. Weekly, $1.00.

Terms—Daily, $5 per annum; $1 for four months; 50 cents per month; delivered by carriers for 6 cents per week. Sunday edition, an immense quadruple sheet of 128 columns, elegantly illustrated, $2 per annum; 5 cents per copy. Daily and Sunday, $6 per annum; 50 cents per month. Weekly edition, $1 per annum. Address all letters to

THE TIMES, Chestnut and Eighth Streets, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ebensburg & Cresson R. R. Schedule.

Leaves—Northward.	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Cresson,	9.00	11.10	5.25
Lucket,	9.07	11.20	5.35
Munster,	9.14	11.29	5.43
Noel,	9.19	11.35	5.48
Naylor,	9.24	11.41	5.53
Bradley,	9.30	11.47	6.02
Ebensburg,	9.40	12.01	6.15

Leaves—Southward.	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Ebensburg,	7.05	10.00	3.00
Bradley,	7.15	10.09	3.15
Kaylor,	7.21	10.15	3.24
Noel,	7.26	10.20	3.30
Munster,	7.30	10.25	3.36
Lucket,	7.36	10.32	3.45
Cresson,	7.45	10.40	4.00

Cresson and Confport R. R. Schedule.

Leaves—Northward.	Mail A. M.	Exp. P. M.
Cresson	9.10	5.20
Wildwood	9.28	5.35
Dawson,	9.32	5.36
Ainsley,	9.43	5.44
Ashville,	9.52	5.51
Millside,	10.00	5.57
Dysarts,	10.06	6.01
Condron,	10.10	6.05
Dean,	10.16	6.09
Frugality,	10.27	6.17
Shirley,	10.33	6.23
Fallen Timber,	10.37	6.28
Flynn City,	10.42	6.34
Coalport,	11.01	6.45
Rosebud,	11.04	6.45
Irvona,	11.10	6.50

Leaves Southward.	Mail P. M.	Exp. A. M.
Irvona,	2.30	7.00
Rosebud,	2.36	7.07
Coalport,	2.38	7.07
Flyn City,	2.48	7.16
Fallen Timber,	2.53	7.25
Shirley,	3.00	7.27
Frugality,	3.06	7.32
Dean,	3.15	7.41
Condron,	3.20	7.45
Dysart,	3.25	7.49
Millside,	3.28	7.52
Ashville,	3.35	8.00
Amsbry,	3.42	8.05
Dawson,	3.52	8.14
Wildwood,	3.55	8.17
Cresson,	4.10	8.30

NOT DEAD YET!

VALLIE LUTTRINGER, MANUFACTURER OF TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING,

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

☞ No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

Give me a ca and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices.

V. LUTTRINGER. Ebensburg, April 13, 1885-tf.

ADVERTISERS by addressing GEORGE P ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of Advertising in American Newspapers. 40-100-page pamphlet, 10c

DEMOCRACY & VICTORY

1888. 1888.

A Twelve-Page Weekly,

The Largest and Cheapest Democratic Paper in the Union

For the Great Presidential Campaign of of 1888.

PITTSBURG WEEKLY POST,

TWELVE PAGES AND 84 COLUMNS OF INTERESTING READING MATTER,

And an Extra copy FREE to the Getter Up of Every Club of Ten.

ONE DOLLAR.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR OVER.

10 COPIES FOR $10.00

Single Subscription, $1.25 a Year. ALL POSTAGE PREPAID.

The coming presidential year will be one of the most important in the history of the Democratic party. The WEEKLY POST will give the history of the year complete, week by week. It will be a year of great conventions, of great political activity in State and nation; of Presidential nominations of a tremendously active and aggressive Democratic campaign; and we believe of a glorious victory.

THE WEEKLY POST will give all the news. In its 12 pages and 84 columns will be found that careful variety of reading that interests the man of business, the farmer, the politician, the student, and, eminently the family and household circle.

Address,

THE POST, Pittsburg, Pa.

H. CHILDS & CO., PITTSBURGH, OFFER TO THE TRADE THE BEST LINE OF

$3.00 SHOES

IN THE MARKET. MADE IN

Button, English Bals & Imitation Lace Congress,

From the BEST CALF SKINS, with GENUINE DONGOLA TOPS, SOLE LEATHER COUNTERS, and every pair warranted.

H. CHILDS & CO., Wholesale Agents, PITTSBURGH, PA.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

WE want SALESMEN every where, local and traveling, to sell our goods. Will pay good salary and all expenses. Write for terms at once, and state salary wanted. STANDARD SILVERWARE COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER on file in PITTSBURGH at the Advertising Bureau of our authorized Agents, REMINGTON BROS. who will contract for advertising at lowest rates.

$50 Reward.

The school district of Allegheny township will pay the above reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons found breaking into, injuring, or in any manner defacing any of the school property of said township.

HUGH DRISKEL, Allegheny twp, Oct. 27, 1887. President.

SELWYN HALL READING, PENN.

A thorough preparatory School for Boys. Conducted upon the Military plan. Boys only taught and cared for. Terms moderate. Address

L. C. BISHOP, Head Master, Reading, Pa.

A Hill That Shakes.

During the natural gas craze which swept over Indiana and which has, to some extent, abated in this immediate section says a Cambridge City (Ind.) letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, frequent mention is made of the feasibility and probable results of boring for the inflammable fluid on "Shaky Hill." There are many who are positive in their belief that gas can be found there, and in abundance, too. There are others who claim that it would be the last place in the world for gas or oil, but it is certain that the locality or "hill" is attended with very mysterious phenomena.

The hill in quesion is a part of a low ridge of land running east and west some two miles south, the hill comprising about twelve acres, being southwest, two and one-half miles, in the northeastern corner of Fayette county. The land was entered in 1816 by Thomas Reagan, whose son Wiley Reagan, settled upon the hill in 1822. Your correspondent met to day two gentlemen who probably know more about the circumstances surrounding the peculiar actions of the hill, or rather plateau, than any others. One, the son-in-law of Wiley Reagan, said:

"The land on which it is situated was bought about sixty-five years ago by Wiley Reagan, my father in-law, an early settler who improved the farm and built a log house on the highest part of it, the part lying east of a small creek, soon after the family occupied the house they discovered that at intervals there was a pronounced disturbance of the hill, as if moved or shaken by an earthquake—this, too, while other sections of the country were undisturbed. This continued for several years, and finally increased and became so marked that the Reagan family became alarmed and built a new cabin on the west part of the farm—across the creek. This was done because they feared some dire calamity would befall them should they remain on the hill, not that they were superstitious, as had been said, but because they were afraid the land would sink or break up, at least they thought it safer on more stable ground. The cabin was removed and there has been no dwelling very near the hill since. The character of the disturbance resembles the sensation produced by an earthquake, perceptibly shaking the house, various articles of furniture, and especially the cupboard and its contents of dishes, etc; shaking the clothesline, something causing it to fall, with its load of washing. The disturbances, as far as known, have not occurred as frequently as formerly; but as the locality has for a long time been a part of a large open field, the chances for observation have been limited, and it may have shaken many times without having been felt by persons.

"On a number of occasions the house nearest the hill, to the northeast, was affected in a similar manner, and at one time the cellar wall of this house was badly cracked and rendered useless. The peculiarity of this hill—that it has repeatedly shaken, and the phenomena stated actually took place—is authenticated by many of Reagan's nearest neighbors.

"There is nothing peculiar or different from the ordinary in this or adjoining lands to point to anything strange, excepting a large sulphar spring at the foot of the hill, in a quagmire that seems to have no bottom."

In his last statement the gentleman suggests a theory to account for the strange behavior of the hill. "It is probable that the elevation has for its foundation a thin stratum of Niagara rock resting on this bog. A slight disturbance would cause this rock to vibrate, and this motion transferred to the hill would produce a decided shock.

The gentleman further stated: "In more recent years persons living immediately west of the hill have noticed an odor of coal-tar in damp weather, when the wind blew from the east. Also, that in digging cellars and wells large fissures were found partly filled with substances closely resembling cinders, ashes, etc."

At one time a laborer was hired to dig a well near the house, but after going down some twenty feet the tools caused such hollow sounds the man came up instanter, declaring he would not finish it, as he was afraid the "bottom would fall out."

Mr. Byram Baldwin, who owns the farm, states to his certain knowledge the hill has been "shaky" for over fifty-seven years. He has experienced the peculiar sensations, and only about two months ago his wife and hired hand felt a violent jar about 4 o'clock in the morning. Their dwelling is about three-eigths of a mile from the hill. Of a large apple-orchard set out by Mr. Reagan only one tree remains, the rest having died or were cut down. One day in the fall of 1883 nearly all the ripe apples were shaken from the trees by the quaking of the earth. Mr. Baldwin says that while driving near the hill one Saturday night with his wife they were startled by three flashes of light, produced by balls of fire, which shot up into the air one hundred feet, much like a sky rocket. It is said on good authority that this is of frequent occurrence, and it is no doubt caused by the combustion of light carburetted hydrogen, commonly called marsh gas, or "jack-o-lantern."

Another peculiar feature of this place is that the needle of the compass will not point to the magnetic pole, but inclines to the east. The temperature, too, is unlike that of the surrounding region. The same thermometer will show a change of several degrees in going from different parts of the farm to the hill—not always cooler, not always warmer, but never the same.

Altogether this is a very singular and peculiar natural phenomenon and an investigation might prove interesting.

Chemist's Idea of Wine.

We have heard a great deal of the superior excellence of Speer's N. J. Wine, and of its being adopted in European hospitals in preference to their own wines. The most scientific men of this country and liquor assayers appointed by State government pronounce it a most valuable article for sickness. We cannot write more on this subject now, but publish the following card, which speaks for itself:

PORTLAND, Feb. 1.

The undersigned, having become practically acquainted with the Wine produced by Alfred Speer of New Jersey, would say that he considers it a superior article, and far preferable to the quality of Port wine generally furnished in this market.

H. T. CUMMINGS, M. D.;
Chemist to the State of Maine.

Dairying on Small Farms.

Dairying and pasturing have been so long considered as one and the same occupation that but few farmers will venture to engage in the former without first devoting a large portion of the farm to grass upon which the cow may be allowed to graze during the day. When this method is changed for that of feeding at the barn yard it is termed "soiling" the cows. Even those who do not believe soiling can be done profitably involuntarily practice the soiling method to a certain extent during the winter season, for at that time the snow covers the pasture ground and compels the dairyman to prepare the food for the cows and give his attention in the barn yard. The principal objection to soiling is that it requires a large outlay for extra labor, yet there is as much profit derived from the winter dairying as there is during the summer. The real benefit is in the saving of manure, which is the most important occupation on the farm, and the expense of providing long fences is done away with. Practical experiments show that by the aid of manure saved when soiling a sufficiency of green food can be grown on a small plat to feed quite a number of cows, as well as to provide a better variety of food and secure greater yields of milk and butter. Professor Stewart, in his book on feeding animals, mentions how he fed four horses and seven cows for fifteen days on the food grown upon forty rods of ground; and he has estimated that forty rods of ground will produce enough to equal the summer feeding of one cow, but sets aside half an acre in clover as the allowance for a cow during the summer. This result is not the experiment of a single season, but the work of fourteen years devoted to soiling, by which method the cows give 20 per cent. more milk than when kept on pasture; and rye, clover, orchard grass, timothy, green oats and fodder corn, with ground food when required, compose the daily diet. The system is one that permits of the gradual accumulation of wealth in the annual increased fertility of the soil, and though extra labor may be necessary, yet it is more effectual in operation, as it is not distributed over a large space, consequently there is economizing in hauling loads to great distances over the fields. Soiling may not be profitable to those who have plenty of pasture and large tracts of land, but it will enable those having limited ares to engage in dairying, when, by the proper application of labor, they may realize larger profits than those who devote more land to dairying but adhere to the pasturage system.

A Most Primitive People.

The natives of New Britain are the most primitive people I have ever seen. Their huts are small and filthy, and little wonder is it that there is much sickness among them. At night they build a fire in the center of the hut and huddle around it for warmth, with no covering over them and nothing under them save a course mat. The women are, with a few exceptions, the ugliest specimens of the human race imaginable, and a sight of them will go far to convert one to the Darwinian theory. These creatures seldom wash themselves, and, as they are employed from one year's end to the other in hard labor, their appearance is anything but enticing. The men pass their days in fishing or idling away their time smoking or chewing betel nut.

Both men and women are keen traders, and ever eager to acquire divara, or native money, consisting of very small shells strung upon a thread, and which is counted by the fathom. Every offense of every nature can be atoned for by the payment of this currency, which is hoarded up in houses especially built for the purpose. These houses are under the "Taboo," and are so sacred that they are even secure from robbers, the penalty for violation of the "Taboo" being instant death.

The Chair Suited at Last.

A furniture dealer tells a little story that shows how some people are constituted. A lady ordered an elegant easy chair of a peculiar kind. It was made and sent to her home. She examined it carefully and critically, finally remarking that it suited her exactly with one exception—it was too soft. She had the man take the chair back to be made a trifle harder. The chair was returned to the store and put aside. Nothing was done to it. After the lapse of about a week the chair was sent out again. The woman again examined it and this time the chair was too hard. She was sorry, but when she paid so much to get an article for her own comfort she wanted it about right, so she sent it back to the store for another change. The chair was again put aside for a week or ten days, and sent out for the third time without having a particle of change made. This time it was just right. She took the chair and paid for it, and was very sorry it had not suited her at first. The poor woman never knew that the chair had not been changed a particle.

How to Choose Beef.

If possible, buy the meat of a butcher personally known to be an honest man. If the meat has a reasonable proportion of fat upon the back and running in little lines through the lean, and if the color is fresh and not very dark red, the meat is good; if the butcher has kept it properly for a week or ten days it may be supposed to be reasonably tender. Most butchers are willing to keep the right length of time for customers, if they take it at its first weight; it loses a little weight by keping. When this is the intention, have some of the bone trimmed off, and the fat which is not needed for cooking, and let these trimmings be sent home with the day's marketing, the bones for the soup pot and the fat to be fried out to use in the form of drippings. After the meat is trimmed let it be hung in the butcher's refrigerator until he pronounces it tender, but not long enough to spoil.

A GAMBLER calls his cash assets "E pluribus unum"—won from many.

In Our Popular Brand

FINZER'S OLD HONESTY

Old Honesty Will be found a Combination not always to be had.

A FINE QUALITY OF PLUG TOBACCO AT A REASONABLE PRICE

FINZER'S OLD HONESTY LOOK FOR THIS ON EACH PLUG

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A FIRST CLASS ARTICLE IN CHEWING TOBACCO FINZER'S OLD HONESTY DON'T FAIL TO GIVE

Old Honesty A FAIR TRIAL

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT DONT TAKE ANY OTHER

JNO. FINZER & BROS., LOUISVILLE, KY.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS & SLEIGHS

Carriage Making in all its Branches.

Painting, Trimming and REPAIRING of all kinds done on the SHORTEST NOTICE and the LOWEST PRICES. Also, Planing, Sawing and Wood Turning with improved machinery. Also, all kinds of heavy work done. Carriage-smith shop connected.

All parties trusting me with work will be honorably dealt with. All work warranted.

D. M. CHUTE.

Ebensburg, October 24, 1884.

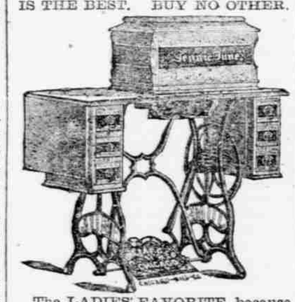
WANTED YOUNG MEN & LADIES TO LEARN TELEGRAPHY. Students practically educated for the business and situations furnished when competent. Address (Name this paper) SHERMAN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, O

THE PLUMED KNIGHT. For $1.00 we will send, post paid, 50 Extra Fine Cigars of the above brand. SCHWARTZ & KLINE, Robesonia, Pa. Jan. 14, '87.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT —HIGH ARM— "JENNIE JUNE" SEWING MACHINE IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.



The LADIES' FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

JUNE MANUFACTURING CO. Cor. La Salle Avenue and Ontario Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGEES' ACADEMY

For Young Men and Boys, Media, Penn

12 miles from Philadelphia. Fixed price covers everything—even books, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examination for admission. Twelve experienced teachers, all men, and all graduates. Special opportunities for any students to advance rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies or choose the regular English, Scientific, Business, Classical or Civil Engineering course. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, Princeton and ten other Colleges and Polytechnic Schools. 10 students sent to college in 1883, 15 in 1884, 10 in 1885, 10 in 1886. A graduating class in the commercial department every year. A Physical and Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Ball Ground. 1500 vols. added to the Library in 1886. Media has seven churches and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., (Harvard Graduate) Media, Pa.

DR. HOBENSACK'S NERVOUS DEBILITY PILLS. A sure and safe specific for weakness and debility of the nervous system, and general exhaustion arising from youthful imprudence, excesses and overwork of body and brain, causing physical and mental weakness, loss of memory and sexual incapacity. CURES OLD and YOUNG. Price $2 per box. Prepaid and for sale at Dr. Hobensack's Laboratory, No. 206 N. 3d Street, Phila. Send for circular.

LAST OPPORTUNITY! For CHEAP EXCURSION To CALIFORNIA.

$72 From St. Louis via Iron Mountain Route. $60 From Kansas City via Missouri Pacific Ry.

Tickets are good for six months, limited to sixty days for going passage with stop over privileges at pleasure within limit of west-bound passage. Special excursion trains leave St. Louis via Iron Mountain Route, February 16th and Kansas City via Missouri Pacific Railway, February 17th. For all coupon offices in the United States and Canada will sell tickets to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco for this EXCURSION.

A Cold Day.

George A. Carden, who is connected with the signal office in Chicago, has honor of having recorded the lowest temperature ever noted in a civilized country. "Temperatura 62 1° below zero," was the message he sent from Polar River, Montano Territory, on New year's morning, 1885. "The station," you must understand, said Mr. Carden, "was simply a cabin 10 by 12, made of cottonwood logs pinned together, the chinks being plastered with mud. The roof also was mud, and the floor was formed of cottonwood boards, which having been put down green, had shrunk till they left cracks which would easily swallow up the legs of the only chair in the station. The only thing that made the room habitable was the fact that the hut had banked up with dirt that reached up half-way to the roof.

"In that little room I went to bed on the night of December 31, 1884. The bed was within arm's length of a big drum-stove, large enough to receive four-foot cordwood, as we dare not get out in the cold to keep up the fire. I had begun observations at the place a year before, December 17, 1883, and was not much surprised on retiring the last night of 1884 to find the spirit in the official thermometer down in the neighborhood of 50° below. I had often recorded 50 below before, but I thought that night before retiring that a pretty low temperature would be reached, a the air was painfully still, and the stars looked brighter and nearer than ever. I tossed about all night, trying to keep warm. The big stove I kept nearly red hot, but still the little room would not get warm. It seemed as cold as the outer air. Upon me I had piled covering equivalent to twenty thicknesses of blankets. Army coats, everything in the shape of protection, was heaped upon my little bed, yet still I shivered under it all. No one can form an idea of the cold that night. I had to wear the heaviest mittens and my sealskin cap pulled down over my ears. Once I reached my bare hand out of the bed to throw another stick of wood on the fire, and before I could get the wood in my hand was so benumed that I had to drop the stick. Mind you, all this time the fire was roaring and crackling.

"Well, at last the night wore away and about 8 o'clock, I guess it was, I got up. I didn't have to dress, though, but just slipped on my big buffalo shoes and made for the minimum thermometer. There the alcohol spirit was on the one-tenth line below the 62 8 mark. When I saw that my heart jumped fast enough to warm me up a little, as I knew no other thermometer but mine had ever gone so low except in artic exploration. That remarkable degree of cold was reached just about sunrise. I never saw the air so clear as it was that morning. The atmosphere itself seemed frozen, and my eye could see farther down the white snow-glistening prairies than it ever had before. There was not a sound to break the stillness, and I felt like the artic explorer who stands in the silence of the eternal snows. The only thing that bound me to civilization was the smoke that came up from the distant army post, for United States troops are stationed there to watch the Indians. That day the temperature rose to about 30 below, and four days later it rained. In those four days the range was 100°, the greatest range ever recorded.

"A lower temperature was never before recorded," continued the young man, "excepting in the artic region. Lieut.